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THE RIVAL LADIES.

A Tragi-Comedy

As it was Acted at the *Theatre-ROYAL.*

Nos hæc Novimus esse nihil.

Written by

JOHN DRIDEN Esquire.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, and are to be sold at his shop in the Lower walk in the *New Exchange.* 1669.

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To the Right Honorable Roger *Earl of* ORRERY.

MY LORD,

His worthleſs Preſent was deſign'd you, long before it was a Play; when it was onely a confus'd Maſs of Thoughts, tumbling over one another in the Dark: When the Fancy was yet in its firſt Work, moving the Sleeping images of things towards the light, there to be diſtinguiſh'd, and then either choſen or rejected by the Judgement: It was yours, my Lord, before I could call it mine. And, I confeſs, in that firſt Tumult of my Thoughts, there appear'd a diſorderly kind of Beauty in ſome of them, which gave me hope, ſomething worthy my Lord of *Orrery* might be drawn from them: But I was then in that eagerneſs of imagination, which by over-pleaſing Fancifull Men, flatters them into the Danger of Writing; ſo that when I had Molded it to that Shape it now bears, I look'd with ſuch Diſguſt upon it, that the Cenſures of our ſevereſt Critiques are Charitable to what I thought (and ſtill think) of it my ſelf: 'tis ſo far from me to believe this perfect, that I am apt to conclude our beſt Plays are ſcarcely ſo; for the Stage being the Repreſentation of the World, and the Actions in it, how can it be imagin'd, that the Picture of humane Life can be more Exact then Life it Self is; *He* may be allowed ſometimes to Err, who undertakes to move ſo many Characters and Humors as are requiſit in a Play, in thoſe narrow Channels which are proper to each of them: To conduct his imaginary Perſons, through ſo many various intrigues and Chances, as the Labouring Audience ſhall think them loſt under every Billow; and then at length to work them ſo naturally out of their Diſtreſſes, that when the whole Plot is laid open, the Spectators may reſt ſatisfied that every cauſe was powerfull enough to produce the effect it had; and that the whole Chain of them was with ſuch due order link'd together, that the firſt Accident would naturally beget the ſecond, till they all render'd the Concluſion neceſſary.

These difficulties, my Lord, may reasonably excuse the Errrors of my undertaking; but for this confidence of my Dedication, I have an Argument which is too Advantagious for me, not to publish it to the World. 'Tis the kindness your Lordship has continually shown to all my Writings. You have been pleas'd, my Lord, they should sometimes cross the *Irish Seas* to Kiss your Hands; which passage (contrary to the Experience of others) I have found the least dangerous in the World. Your favour has shone upon me at a remote distance, without the least knowledge of my Person; and (like the Influence of the Heavenly Bodies) you have done good without knowing to whom you did it. Tis this Virtue in your Lordship, which imboldens me to this attempt: for did I not consid er you as my Patron, I have little reason to desire you for my Judge; and should appear with as much awe before you in the Reading, as I had when the full Theater sate upon the Action. For who could so severely judge of faults as he, who has given testimony he commits none; your excellent Poems having afforded that knowledge of it to the World, that your Enemies are readie to upbraid you with it, as a crime for a Man of business to Write so well. Neither durst I have justified your Lordship in it, if examples of it had not been in the World before you, if *Xenophon* had not written a Romance, and a certain *Roman* call'd *Augustus Cæsar*, a Tragedy, and Epigrams. But their Writing was the entertainment of their Pleasure; Yours is only a Diversion of your Pain. The *Muses* have seldome employed your thoughts, but when some violent fit of the Gout has snatch'd you from affairs of State: And, like the Priestess of *Apollo*, you never come to deliver his Oracles but Unwillingly, and in torment. So that we are oblig'd to your Lordships misery for our Delight: You treat us with the Cruel pleasure of a *Turkish* triumph, where those who cut and Wound their Bodies, sing Songs of Victory as they pass, and divert others with their own Sufferings. Other men indure their Diseases, your Lordship only can enjoy them. Plotting and Writing in this kind, are certainly more troublesome employments than many which signifie more, and are of greater moment in the World: The Fancy, Memory, and Judgment, are then extended (like so many Limbs) upon the Rack; all of them Reaching with their utmost stress at Nature; a thing so almost Infinit, and Boundless, as can never fully be Comprehended, but where the Images of all things are always present. Yet I wonder not, your Lordship succeeds so well in this attempt; the Knowledg of men is your daily practice in the World; to work and bend their stubborn Minds, which go not all after the same Grain, but each of them so particular a way, that the same common Humors, in several Persons, must be wrought upon by several means. Thus, my Lord, your Sickness is but the imitation of your Health; the Poet but subordinate to the States man in you; you still govern men with the same Address, and manage Business with the same Prudence; allowing it here (as

in

in the world) the due Increaſe and Growth, till it comes to the juſt highth; and then turning it when it is fully Ripe, and Nature calls out, as it, were to be deliver'd. With this only advantage of eaſe to you in your poetry, that you have Fortune here at your command: with which, Wiſdome does often unſucceſsfully ſtruggle in the World. Here is no chance which you have not fore-ſeen; all your Heroes are more then your Subjects; they are your Creatures; and though they ſeeme to move freely, in all the Sallies of their Paſſions, yet you make Deſtinies for them wh ch they cannot ſhun. They are mov'd (if I may dare to ſay ſo) like the Rational Creatures of the Almighty Poet, who walk at Libertie, in their own Opinion, becauſe their Fetters are Invincible when indeed the Priſon of their Will, is the more ſure for being large: and inſtead of an abſolute Power over their Actions, they have onely a wretched Deſire of doing that, which they cannot chooſe but do.

I have dwelt, my Lord, thus long upon your Writing, not becauſe you deſerve not greater and more noble Commendations, but becauſe I am not equally able to expreſs them in other Subjects. Like an ill Swimmer, I have willingly ſtaid long in my own Depth: and though I am eager of performing more, yet am loath to Venture out beyond my Knowledge. For beyond your Poetry, my Lord, all is Ocean to me. To Speak of you as a Souldier, or a States-man, were onely to betray my own ignorance: and I could hope no better ſucceſs from it, than that miſerable *Rhetorician* had, who ſolemnly Declaim'd before *Hannibal*, of the conduct of armes, and the Art of War. I can only ſay in general, that the Souls of other Men ſhine out at little Cranies; they underſtand ſome one thing, perhaps to Admiration, while they are Darkned on all the other Parts: But your Lordſhip's Soul is an intire Globe of light, breaking out on every Side; and if I have only diſcover'd one Beam of it, 'tis not that the light falls unequally, but becauſe the Body which receives it, is of unequal Parts.

The acknowledgement of which is a fair occaſion offer'd me, to retire from the conſideration of your Lordſhip, to that of my Self: I here preſent you, my Lord, with that in print which you had the goodneſs not to Diſlike upon the *Stage*; and account it happy to have met you here in *England*: it being at beſt, like ſmall Wines, to be Drunk out upon the place, and has not Body enough to indure the Sea. I know not whether I have been ſo carefull of the Plot and Language as I ought; but for the latter I have indeavor'd to write Engliſh, as near as I could diſtinguiſh it from the Tongue of *Pedants*, and that of affected Travellers: Only I am ſorry, that (Speaking ſo noble a Language as we do) we have not a more certain Meaſure of it, as they have in *France*, where they have an Academy erected for that purpoſe, and Indow'd with large Priviledges by the preſſent King. I wiſh we might at length leave to borrow Words from other nations, which is now a Wantonneſs in us, not a Neceſſity; but ſo

long

long as some affect to Speak them; there will not want others who will have the boldness to Write them.

But I fear least defending the receiv'd words, I shall be accus'd for following the New way, I mean, of writing Scenes in Verse: though, to Speak properly, 'tis not so much a new way amongst us, as an old way new reviv'd; For many Years before *Shakespears* Plays, was the Tragedy of Queen *Gorboduc* in *English* Verse, written by that famous Lord *Buckhurst*, afterwards Earl of *Dorset*, and progenitor to that Excellent Person, who (as he inherits his Soul and Title) I wish may Inherit his good Fortune. But supposing our Country-men had not receiv'd this Writing till of late; Shall we Oppose our selves to the most Polliſh'd and civiliz'd Nations of *Europe*; Shall we with the same Singularity oppose the World in this, as most of us do in pronouncing *Latin*; Or do we desire that the Brand which *Barclay* has, (I hope) unjustly laid upon the *English* should still continue *Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; cæteras nationes despectui habent.* All the *Spanish* and *Italian* Tragedies I have yet seen, are writ in Rhyme: For the *French*, I do not name them, because it is the Fate of our Country-men to admit little of theirs among us, but the Basest of their men, the Extravagances of their Fashions, and the Frippery of their Merchandise. *Shakespear* (who with some Errors not to be avoyded in that Age, had, undoubtedly a larger Soul of Poesie than ever any of our Nation) was the first, who to shun the pains of continuall Rhyming, invented that kind of Writing, which we call blanck Verse, but the *French* more properly, *Prose Mesuree*: into which the *English* Tongue so naturally Slides, that in writing Prose 'tis hardly to be avoyded. And therefore, I admire some Men should perpetually stumble in a way so easie. And inverting the order of their Words, constantly close their lines with Verbs; which though commended some-times in Writing Latin, yet we were Whipt at *Westminster* if we us'd it twice together. I know some, who if they were to Write in Blanck Verse, Sir, *I ask pour pardon*, would think it Sounded more Heroically to write Sir, *I your pardon ask*. I should judge him to have little command of *English*, whom the necessity of a Rhyme should force often upon this Rock: though sometimes it cannot easily be avoyded: And indeed this is the onely inconvenience with which *Rhyme* can be charged. This is that which makes them say, Rhyme is not natural, it being onely so, when the Poet either makes a vicious choice of Words, or places them for *Rhyme* sake so unnaturally, as no Man would in ordinary Speaking: but when 'tis so judiciously ordered, that the first Word in the Verse seems to beget the second, and that the next, till that becomes the last Word in the Line, which in the negligence of prose would be so; it must then be granted, Rhyme has all the advantages of Prose, besides its own. But the Excellence and Dignity of it, were never fully known till Mr. *Waller* taught it; he first made

Writing

Writing easily an Art: first shew'd us to conclude the Sense, most commonly, in Distichs; which in the Verse of those before him, runs on for so many Lines together, that the Reader is out of Breath to overtake it. This sweetness of Mr. *Wallers Lyrick* Poesie was afterwards follow'd in the Epick by Sir *John Denham*, in his *Coopers-Hill*; a Poem which your Lordship knows for the Majesty of the Style, is, and ever will be the exact Standerd of good Writing. But if we owe the Invention of it to Mr. *Waller*, we are acknowledging for the Noblest use of it to Sir *William D'avenant*; who at once brought it upon the Stage, and made it perfect, in the Seige of *Rhodes*.

The advantages which Rhyme has over Blanck Verse, are so many, that it were lost time to name them: Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his defence of Poesie gives us one, which, in my Opinion, is not the least considerable; I mean the help it brings to Memory: Which Rhyme so Knits up by the Affinity of Sounds, that by remembring the last Word in one Line we often call to mind both the Verses. Then in the quickness of Reparties, (which in Discoursive Scenes fall very often) it has so perticular a Grace, and is so aptly Suited to them, that the suddain Smartness of the Answer, and the Sweetness of the Rhyme, set off the Beauty of each other. But that benefit which I consider most in it, because I have not seldome found it, is, that it Bounds and Circumscribes the Fancy. For Imagination in a Poet is a faculty so Wild and Lawless, that, like an High-ranging Spaniel it must have Cloggs tied to it, least it out-run the Judgment. The great easiness of Blanck Verse, renders the Poet too Luxuriant; He is tempted to say many things, which might better be Omitted, or at least shut up in fewer Words: But when the difficulty of Artfull Rhyming is interpos'd, where the Poet commonly confines his Sence to his Couplet, and must contrive that Sence into such Words, that the Rhyme shall naturally follow them, not they the Rhyme; the Fancy then gives leisure to the Judgement to come in; which seeing so heavy a Tax impos'd, is ready to cut off all unnecessary Expences. This last Consideration has already answer'd an Objection which some have made; that Rhyme is onely an Embroidery of Sence, to make that which is ordinary in it self pass for excellent with less Examination. But certainly, that which most regulates the Fancy, and gives the Judgement its busiest Employment, is like to bring forth the richest and clearest Thoughts. The Poet examines that most which he produceth with the greatest Leisure, and which, he knows, must pass the severest Test of the Audience, because they are aptest to have it ever in their Memory: as the Stomach makes the best Concoction when it strictly embraces the Nourishment, and takes account of every little Particle as it passes through. But as the best Medicines may lose their Virtue by being ill applied, so is it with Verse, if a fit Subject be not chosen for it. Neither must the Argument alone, but the Characters, and Persons be

great

great and noble; Otherwiſe, (as *Scaliger* ſays of *Claudian*) the Poet will be, *Ignobiliore materia depreſſus*. The Scenes, which in my opinion, moſt commend it, are thoſe of argumentation and Diſcourſe, on the reſult of which the doing or not doing ſome conſiderable action ſhould depend.

But, my Lord, though I have more to ſay upon this Subject, yet I muſt remember 'tis your Lordſhip to whom I ſpeak; who have much better commended this way by your Writing in it, than I can do by Writing for it. Where my Reaſons cannot prevail, I am ſure your Lordſhip's example muſt. Your Rhetorick has gain'd my cauſe; at leaſt the greateſt part of my Deſign has already ſucceeded to my Wiſh, which was to intereſt ſo noble a perſon in the Quarrell, and withall to teſtifie to the World how happy I eſteem my Self in the honor of being,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt

Humble, and moſt

Obedient Servant,

John Driden.

Prologue

PROLOGUE
To the RIVAL-LADIES.

TIs much Deſir'd, you Judges of the Town
Would paſs a vote to put all Prologues *down*;
For who can ſhow me, ſince they firſt were Writ,
They e'r Converted one hard harted Wit;
Yet the World's mended well; in former Days
Good Prologues *were as ſcarce, as now good* Plays.
For the reforming Poets of our Age,
In this firſt Charge, ſpend their Poetique rage:
Expect no more when once the Prologue's *done;*
The Wit is ended e'r the play's *begun.*
You now' have habits, Dances, Scenes, and Rhymes;
High Language often; I, and Senſe, ſometimes:
As for a clear Contrivance doubt it not;
They blow out Candles to give Light to th' plot.
And for Surprize, two Bloody-minded Men
Fight till they Dye, then riſe and Dance agen:
Such deep Intrigues you'r welcome to this Day:
But blame your Selves, not him who Writ the Play;
Though his Plot's Dull, as can be well deſir'd,
Wit ſtiff as any you have e'r admir'd:
He's bound to pleaſe, not to Write well; and knows
There is a mode in playes as well as Cloaths:
Therefore kind Judges ----------

A SECOND PROLOGUE

Enters.

2. ----- *Hold; Would you admit*
For Judges all you ſee within the; Pit
1. *Whom would he then Except, or on what Score?*
2. *All, who(like him) have Writ ill plays before;*
For they, like Thieves condemn'd, are hang-men made,
To execute the Members of their trade.
All that are Writing now he would diſown:
But then he muſt Except, ev'n all the Town.
All Chol'rique, loſing Gameſters, who in ſpight
Will damn to Day, becauſe they loſt laſt Night.
All ſervants whom their Miſtreſs's ſcorn upbraids;
All Maudlin Lovers, and all Slighted Maids:
All who are out of humor, or Severe;
All, that want Wit, or hope to find it here.

Perſonæ Dramatis.

Don Gonſalvo de Peralta, A young Gentleman, newly arriv'd from the *Indies*; } In love with *Julia*.

Don Rhoderigo de Sylva; } In love with the ſame Lady.

Don Manuel de Torres. Brother to *Julia*.

Julia, Elder Siſter to *Don Manuel*; } Promis'd to *Rhodorigo*.

Honoria, younger Siſter to *Don Manuel*, diſguis'd in the Habit of a Man, and going by the Name of *Hippolito*; } In love with *Gonſalvo*.

Angellina, Siſter to *Don Rhodorigo*, in Man's Habit; } Likewiſe in Love with *Gonſalvo*, and going by the Name of *Amideo*.

Servants. } Sea-men.

Robbers. } Maſquers.

The Scene, Alicant.

Personæ Dramatis.

Don Gonsalvo de Peralta, A young Gentleman, newly arriv'd from the *Indies*;	In love with *Julia*.
Don Rhodorigo de Sylva;	In love with the same Lady.
Don Manuel de Torres.	Brother to *Julia*.
Julia, Elder Sister to *Don Manuel*;	Promis'd to *Rhodorigo*.
Honoria, younger Sister to *Don Manuel*, disguis'd in the Habit of a Man, and going by the Name of *Hippolito*;	In love with *Gonsalvo*.
Angelina, Sister to *Don Rhodorigo*, in Man's Habit;	Likewise in Love with *Gonsalvo*, and going by the Name of *Amideo*.
Servants.	Seamen.
Robbers.	Masquers.

The Scene, Alicant.

THE RIVAL-LADIES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gonſalvo, Servant.

The SCENE, *A VVood.*

Gonſ. NAy, 'twas a ſtrange as well as cruel ſtorm,
To take us almoſt in the Port of *Sevil*,
And drive us up as far as *Barcellona*;
The whole Plate-Fleet was ſcatter'd, ſome part wrack'd;
There one might ſee the Sailors diligent
To caſt o'r board the Maſters envy'd Wealth,
While he, all Pale, and Dying, ſtood in doubt
Whether to eaſe the burden of the Ship
By drowning of his Ingots, or himſelf.

Serv. Fortune is a Woman every where,

But moſt upon the ſea.

Gonſ. Had that been all,
I ſhould not have complain'd; but e'r we could
Repair our ſhip, to drive us back again
Was ſuch a Cruelty——

Serv. Yet that ſhort time you ſtaid at *Barcellona*
You Husbanded ſo well, I think you left
A Miſtreſs there.

Gonſ. I made ſome ſmall Eſſays
Of Love, what might have been I cannot tell:
But to leave that, upon what part of *Spain*
Are we now caſt?

Serv. Sir, I take that City to be *Alicante*

Gonſ. Some days muſt of neceſſity be ſpent
In looking to our ſhip; then back again
For *Sevil.*

Serv. There you'r ſure you ſhall be welcome.

Gonſ. I, if my Brother *Roderick* be return'd
From *Flanders*; but 'tis now three years ſince I
Have heard from him, and ſince I ſaw him twelve.

Serv. Your growth, and your long abſence in the *Indies*
Have alter'd you ſo much, he'l ſcarcely know you.

Gonſ. I'm ſure I ſhould not him, and leſs my Siſter
Who, when I with my Uncle went this Voyage,
Was then one of thoſe little prating Girls
Of whom fond Parents tell ſuch tedious ſtories
Well, go you back.

Serv. I go Sir.

Gonſ. And take care
None of the Sea-men ſlip aſhore.

Serv. I ſhall Sir; *Exit* Servant.

Gonſ. I'l walk a little while among theſe trees,
Now the freſh ev'ning air blows from the hills,
And breaths the ſweetneſs of the Orange flowers
Upon me, from the Gardens near the City.

Robbers within.

1 *Rob.* I ſay, make ſure, and kill him;

Hip. For Heaven's dear ſake have pity on my youth [*within.*

Gonſ. Some

Gonſ. Some violence is offer'd in the Wood
By Robbers to a Traveller: Who e'r
Thou art, humanity obliges me
To give thee ſuccor.

Hip. Help! ah cruel men! [*within.*

Gonſ. This way I think the voice came, 'tis not far. [*Exit.*

The Scene draws and diſcovers Hippolito *bound to a Tree, and two Robbers by him with drawn ſwords.*

2 *Rob.* Strip him, and let him go:

1 *Rob.* Diſpatch him quite; off with his Doublet quickly.

Hip. Ah me unfortunate!

Enter Gonſalvo *ſeizes the ſword of one of them, runs him through; then after a little reſiſtance diſarms the other.*

2 *Rob.* If you have mercy in you ſpare my life;
I never was conſenting to a Deed
So black as Murder, though my fellow urg'd me:
I onely meant to rob, and I am puniſht
Enough, in miſſing of my wicked aim.

Gonſ. Do they rob Angels here? this ſweet youth has
A face ſo like one which I lately ſaw
It makes your Crime of Kin to Sacrilege:
But live; and henceforth
Take nobler courſes to maintain your life:
Here's ſomething that will reſcue you from want,
Till you can find employment.

[*Gives him Gold, and unbinds* Hippolito.

Hip. What ſtrange adventure's this! How little hop'd I,
When thus diſguis'd I ſtole from *Barcellona*,
To be reliev'd by grave *Gonſalvo* here? [*aſide.*

2 *Rob.* That life you have preſerv'd ſhall ſtill be yours;
And that you may perceive how much my Nature
Is wrought upon by this your generous Act;
That goodneſs you have ſhown to me, I'l uſe
To others for your ſake, if you dare truſt me
A moment from your ſight.

Gonſ. Nay, take your ſword, I will not ſo much cruſh a Budding virtue As to ſuſpect. [*Gives him his Sword.*

[*Exit* Robber.

—— Sweet Youth, you ſhall not leave me Till I have ſeen you ſafe.

Hip. You need not doubt it: Alas! I find I cannot if I would; I am but free to be a greater Slave: [*aſide.*

How much am I oblig'd, Sir, to your Valour?

Gonſ. Rather to your own ſweetneſs, pretty Youth; You muſt have been ſome way preſerv'd, though I Had not been near; my Aid did but prevent Some miracle more ſlowly ſetting out To ſave ſuch Excellence.

Hip. How much more gladly could I hear thoſe words, If he that ſpoke them knew he ſpoke to me! [*aſide.*

Enter the Robber *again with* Don Manuel, *and* Julia *bound.*

My Brother and my Siſter Pris'ners too! They cannot ſure diſcover me through this Diſguiſe; however Ile not venture it. [*Steps behind the Trees.*

2 *Rob.* This Gentleman and Lady [To Gonſalvo *privately:* My Fellows bound. [*Exit* Robber.

Man. We muſt prepare to die; This is the Captain of the Picarons.

Jul. Me-thinks he looks like one; I have a ſtrange Averſion to that Man; He's fatal to me.

Gonſ. I n'r ſaw Excellence in Woman-kind [*Stares on her.* Till now, and yet diſcern it at the firſt: Perfection is diſcover'd in a moment. He that ne'r ſaw the Sun before, yet knows him.

Jul. How the Villain ſtares upon me!

Gonſ. Wonder prepares my ſoul, and then Love enters: But Wonder is ſo cloſe purſu'd by Love, That like a Fire, it warms as ſoon as born.

Man. If

Man. If we must die, what need these Circumstances?
Ful. Heav'n defend me from him.
Gonſ. Why Madam, can you doubt a rudeneſs from me?
Your very Fears and Griefs create an awe.
Such Majeſty they bear; me-thinks I ſee
Your Soul retir'd within her inmoſt Chamber,
Like a fair Mourner ſit in State, with all
The ſilent pomp of Sorrow round about her.
Man. Your Language does expreſs a Man bred up
To worthier ways than thoſe that follow now:
Gonſ. What does he mean? [*aſide.*
Man. If (as it ſeems) you Love; Love is a paſſion
Which kindles honour into noble Acts:
Reſtore my Siſters liberty; oblige her,
And ſee what Gratitude will work.
Gonſ. All this is ſtranger yet.
Man. What e'r a Brothers power
To morrow can do for you, claim it boldly.
Gonſ. I know not why you think your ſelves my Pris'ners;
This Ladies freedom is a thing too precious
To be diſpos'd by any but her ſelf:
But value this ſmall ſervice as you pleaſe,
Which you reward too prodigally, by
Permitting me to pay her more.
Ful. Love from an Out-law! from a Villain love!
If I have that pow'r on thee thou pretend'ſt,
Go and purſue thy Miſchiefs, but preſume not
To follow me: — come Brother. [*Exeunt* Julia, Manuel.
Gonſ. Thoſe foul names of Out-law, and of Villain,
I never did deſerve: They raiſe my wonder. [*Walks.*
Dull that I was, not to find this before!
She took me for the Captain of the Robbers:
It muſt be ſo; I'l tell her her miſtake.
Goes out haſtily, and returns immediately.
She's gone, ſhe's gone, and who or whence ſhe is
I cannot tell; me-thinks ſhe ſhould have left
A track ſo bright I might have follow'd her;
Like ſetting Suns that vaniſh in a Glory.
O Villain that I am! O hated Villain!

Exeunt

Enter Hippolito *again.*

Hip. I cannot ſuffer you to wrong your ſelf
So much; for though I do not know your Perſon,
Your actions are too Fair, too Noble, Sir,
To merit that foul Name:
Gonſ. Prithee do not flatter me, I am a Villain;
That admirable Lady ſaid I was.
Hip. I fear you love her, Sir.
Gonſ. No, no; not love her:
Love is the name of ſome more gentle paſſion;
Mine is a fury grown up in a moment
To an extremity, and laſting in it:
An heap of Powder ſet on fire, and burning
As long as any ordinary Fuel.
Hip. How could he love ſo ſoon? and yet alas!
What cauſe have I to ask that queſtion?
Who lov'd him the firſt Minute that I ſaw him:
I cannot leave him thus, though I perceive
His heart ingag'd another way. [*aſide.*
Sir, can you have ſuch pity on my youth, [*To him.*
On my forſaken, and my helpleſs youth,
To take me to your ſervice?
Gonſ. Wouldſt thou ſerve
A Mad-man? how can he take care of thee
Whom Fortune and his Reaſon have abandon'd?
A Man that ſaw, and lov'd and diſoblig'd,
Is Baniſh'd, and is Mad, all in a moment.
Hip. Yet you alone have title to my ſervice;
You make me Yours by your preſerving me:
And that's the title Heav'n has to Mankind.
Gonſ. Prithee no more.
Hip. I know your Miſtriſs too:
Gonſ. Ha! doſt thou know the perſon I adore?
Anſwer me quickly; Speak, and I'l receive thee:
Haſt thou no tongue?
Hip. Why, Did I ſay I knew her?

All

All I can hope for, *if I have my wish*,
To live with him, is but to be unhappy. [*aside.*
Gonſ. Thou falſe and lying Boy, to ſay thou knewſt her;
Prethee ſay ſomething, though thou Coſen'ſt me.
Hip. Since you will know, her name is *Julia*, Sir,
And that young Gentleman you ſaw, her Brother,
Don Manuel de Torres.
Gonſ. Say I ſhould take thee, Boy, and ſhould employ thee
To that fair Lady, wouldſt thou ſerve me faithfully?
Hip. You ask me an hard queſtion; I can dye
For you, perhaps I cannot woo ſo well.
Gonſ. I knew thou wouldſt not do't.
Hip. I ſwear I would:
But, Sir, I grieve to be the meſſenger
Of more unhappy news; ſhe muſt be married
This day to one *Don Rodorick de Sylva*,
Betwixt whom and her Brother there has been
A long, (and it was thought a mortal) quarrel,
But now it muſt for ever end in peace:
For hap'ning both to love each others Siſters,
They have concluded it in a croſs Marriage;
Which, in the Pallace of *Don Rodorick*,
They went to celebrate from their Countrey-houſe,
When, taken by the Thieves, you reſcu'd them.
Gonſ. Me-thinks I am grown patient on a ſuddain:
And all my Rage is gone: like loſing Gameſters
Who fret and ſtorm, and ſwear at little loſſes:
But, when they ſee, all hope of fortune vaniſh'd,
Submit and gain a temper by their Ruine.
Hip. Would you could caſt this Love, which troubles you
Out of your mind.
Gonſ. I cannot Boy; but ſince
Her Brother, with intent to cozen me,
Made me the promiſe of his beſt aſſiſtance;
I'll take ſome courſe to be reveng'd of him.
Is going out.
But ſtay, I charge thee, Boy, diſcover not
To any who I am;
Hip. Alas,

Hip. Alas, I cannot, Sir, I know you not.
Gonſ. Why, there's it; I am mad again; Oh Love!
Hip. Oh Love!

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Scene II.

Enter two Servants of Don Rodorick's, *placing Chairs, and talking as they place them.*

1 *Serv.* MAke ready quickly there; *Don Manuel*
And his fair Siſter, that muſt be our Lady,
Are coming in.
2. They have been long expected;
'Tis Evening now, and the Canonique hours
For Marriage are paſt.
1. The nearer Bed-time
The better ſtill; my Lord will not deferre it:
He ſwears the Clergy are no fit Judges
Of our Neceſſities.
2. Where is my Lord?
1. Gone out to meet his Bride.
2. I wonder that my Lady *Angellina*
Went not with him, She's to be Married too.
1. I do not think ſhe fancies much the Man;
Only, to make the Reconcilement perfect
Betwixt the Families, ſhe's Paſſive in it;
The choice being but her Brothers, not her Own.
2. Troth, wer't my caſe, I care not who choſe for me:
1. Nor I; 'twould ſave the Proceſs of a tedious paſſion,
A long Law-ſuit of Love, which quite conſumes
An honeſt Lover e're he gets Poſſeſſion:
I would come plump, and freſh, and all my ſelf,
Serv'd up to my Brides bed like a fat Fowl,
Before the froſt of Love had nipt me through.
I look on Wives as on good dull Companions,
For elder Brothers to ſleep out their time with;
All we can hope for in the Marriage-bed,

Is

Is but to take our Reſt; and what care I
Who lays my Pillow for me.

Enter a Poet *with Verſes.*

2. Now, what's your buſineſs friend?
Poet. An *Epithalamium* to the Noble Bridegrooms.
1. Let me ſee; what's here? as I live [*takes it.*
Nothing but down-right Bawdry: Sirrah, Raſcal,
Is this an age for Ribaldry in Verſe?
When every Gentleman in Town ſpeaks it
With ſo much better grace, than thou canſt write it
I'l beat thee with a ſtaff of thy own Rhimes.
Poet. Nay, good Sir? [*Runs off, and Exit.*
2. Peace, They are here.

Enter Don Rodorick, Don Manuel, Julia, *and Company.*

1. My Lord looks ſullenly, and fain would hide it
2. Howe'r he weds *Don Manuels* Siſter, yet
I fear he's hardly reconcil'd to him.
Jul. I tremble at it ſtill.
Rod. I muſt confeſs
Your danger great: But, Madam, ſince 'tis paſt
To ſpeak of it were to renew your Fears.
My Noble Brother, welcome to my Breaſt.
Some call my Siſter; ſay, *Don Manuel*
Her Bridegroom waits.
Man. Tell her, in both the Houſes
There now remains no Enemy but ſhe.
Rod. In the mean time lets Dance; Madam, I hope
You'l grace me with your Hand:——

Enter Leonora, *Woman to* Angellina; *takes the two Men aſide.*

Leon. O Sir, my Lady *Angellina*!
Rod. Why comes ſhe not?

Leon. Is fall'n extreamly sick.

Both. How!

Leon. Nay, trouble not your selves too much,
These Fits are usual with her; and not dangerous.

Rod. O rarely counterfeited. [*aside.*

Man. May not I see her?

Leon. She does by me, deny her self that honour.

[*As she speaks steals a Note into his hand.*

I shall return, I hope, with better news;
In the mean time she prays, you'l not disturb
The Company. [*Exit* Leonora.

Rod. This troubles me exceedingly.

Man. A Note put privately into my hand
By *Angellino*'s Woman? She's my Creature:
There's something in't; I'l read it my self. —— [*aside.*

Rod. Brother, what Paper's that?

Man. Some begging Verses
Deliver'd me this morning on my Wedding.

Rod. Pray let me see 'um:

Man. I have many Copies,
Please you to entertain your self with these.

[*Gives him another Paper.*

Sir, [Manuel *reads.*

My Lady feigns this sickness to delude you:
Her Brother hates you still; and the Plot is,
That he shall marry first your Sister,
And then deny you his. ——

Yours Leonora. ——

Postscript.

Since I writ this, I have so wrought upon her,
(Who of her self is timerous enough)
That she believes her Brother will betray her,
Or else be forc'd to give her up to you;
Therefore, unknown to him, she means to flie:
Come to the Garden door at Seven this evening,
And there you may surprize her; mean time I
Will keep her ignorant of all things, that
Her fear may still Increase.

Enter

Enter Leonora *again.*

Rod. How now? How does your Lady?
Leon. So ill, she cannot possibly wait on you.
Man. Kind Heav'n give me her sickness.
Rod. Those are wishes:
What's to be done?
Man. We must defer our Marriages.
Rod. *Leonora*, now! [*aside to her.*
Leon. My Lady, Sir, has absolutely charged
Her Brother's should go forward.
Rod. Absolutely!
Leon. Expressly, Sir, because she says there are
So many honourable Persons here,
Whom to defraud of their intended Mirth,
And of each others Company, were rude:
So hoping your excuse. (*Exit* Leonora.
Rod. That priviledge of pow'r which Brothers have
In *Spain*, I never us'd: therefore submit
My Will to hers, but with much sorrow, Sir;
My happiness should go before, not wait
On yours: Lead on.
Man. Stay, Sir, though your fair Sister in respect
To this Assembly seems to be content
Your Marriage should proceed, we must not want
So much good Manners as to suffer it.
Rod. So much good manners, Brother?
Man. —— ——— I have said it.
Should we to show our sorrow for her sickness,
Provoke our easie souls to careless Mirth,
As if our drunken Revels were design'd
For joy of what she suffers?
Rod. 'Twill be over
In a few dayes.
Man. Your stay will be the less.
Rod. All things are now in readiness, and must not
Be put off, for a peevish Humour thus,

Man. They muſt; or I ſhall think you mean not fairly:
Rod. Explain your ſelf.
Man. That you would marry firſt,
And afterwards refuſe me *Angellina.*
Rod. — Think ſo.
Man. You are
Rod. Speak ſoftly.
Man. A foul Villain.
Rod. Then - ——
Man. Speak ſoftly.
Rod. I'l find a time to tell you, you are one.
Man. 'Tis well.
Ladies, you wonder at our private whiſpers, [*to the company.*
But more will wonder when you know the cauſe;
The Beauteous *Angellina* is fall'n ill;
And ſince ſhe cannot with her preſence grace
This days Solemnity, the Noble *Rodorick*
Thinks fit it be deferr'd, till ſhe recover;
Then, we both hope to have your Companies.
Lad. Wiſhing her Health, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt Company.*
Rod. Your Siſter yet will Marry me.
Man. She will not: come hither *Fulia.*
Ful. What ſtrange afflicting News is this you tellus?
Man. 'Twas all this falſe mans Plot, that when he had
Poſſeſt you, he might cheat me of his Siſter.
Ful. Is this true, *Rodorick*; alas, his ſilence
Does but too much confeſs it: How I bluſh
To own that Love I cannot yet take from thee!
Yet for my ſake be Friends.
Man. 'Tis now too late;
I am by honour hinder'd.
Rod. I by hate.
Ful. What ſhall I do?
Man. Leave him, and come away;
Thy Virtue bids thee.
Ful. But Love bids me ſtay.

Man. Her Love's ſo like my own, that I ſhould blame
The Brothers paſſion in the Siſters flame.
Rodorick, we ſhall meet —— He little thinks
I am as ſure this Night of *Angellina*,
As he of *Julia*. [*aſide.*

[*Exit* Manuel.

Rod. Madam, To what an Extaſie of Joy
Your Goodneſs raiſes me! this was an act
Of kindneſs which no ſervice e'r can pay.
Jul. Yes, *Roderick*, 'tis in your pow'r to quit
The debt you owe me.
Rod. Do but name the way.
Jul. Then briefly thus, 'tis to be juſt to me
As I have been to you.
Rod. You cannot doubt it.
Jul. You know I have adventur'd for your ſake,
A Brothers anger, and the Worlds opinion:
I value neither; for a ſetled virtue
Makes it ſelf Judge, and ſatisfy'd within,
Smiles at that common enemy, the World.
I am no more afraid of flying Cenſures,
Than Heav'n of being fir'd with mounting ſparkles.
Rod. But wherein muſt my Gratitude conſiſt?
Jul. Anſwer your ſelf, by thinking what is fit
For me to do,
Rod. By Marriage, to confirm
Our mutual Love.
Jul. Ingrateful *Rodorick!*
Canſt thou name Marriage, while thou entertain'ſt
A hatred ſo unjuſt againſt my Brother?
Rod. But, unkind *Julia*, you know the cauſes
Of Love and Hate are hid deep in our Stars,
And none but Heav'n can give account of both.
Jul. Too well, I know it; for my Love to thee
Is born by Inclination, not by Judgement;
And makes my Virtue ſhrink within my heart,
As loath to leave it, and as loath to mingle.
Rod. What would you have me do?

Jul. Since

Ful. Since I muſt tell thee,
Lead me to ſome near Monaſtery;
(Till Heav'n find out ſome way to make us happy)
I ſhall be kept in ſafety from my Brother:
Rod. But more from me; What hopes can *Roderick* have,
That ſhe who leaves him freely, and unforc'd,
Should ever of her own accord return?
Ful. Thou haſt too great aſſurance of my Faith,
That in deſpight of my own ſelf I love thee;
Be friends with *Manuel*, I am thine, till when
My honour's; —— lead me.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Don Manuel, Solus.

The Scene is, *The Repreſentation of a Street diſcover'd by Twilight.*

Man. THis is the time and place where I expect
My fugitive Miſtreſs; if I meet with her
I may forget the wrongs her Brother did me:
If otherwiſe, his Blood ſhall expiate them.
I hope her Woman keeps her ignorant
How all things paſs'd according to her promiſe.

A door opens —— Enter Angellina *in Boys Cloaths.*
Leonora *behind at the door.*

Leon. I had forgot to tell him of this Habit
She has put on; but ſure he'l know her in it. (*aſide.*
Man. Who goes there?
Ang. 'Tis *Don Manuels* voice; I muſt run back:
The Door ſhut on me? *Leonora*, Where?
Does ſhe not follow me? —— I am betray'd.
Man. What are you?
Ang. A poor Boy.

Man. Do

Man. Do you belong to *Rodorick*?
Ang. Yes, I do.
Man. Here's Money for you, tell me where's his Sister:
Ang. Now I met her coming down the ſtairs,
Which lead into the Garden.
Man. 'Tis well, leave me
In ſilence.
Ang. With all my heart; was ever ſuch a ſcape! [*Exit running.*
Man. She cannot now be long; ſure by the Moon-ſhine
I ſhall diſcover her:

Enter Rodorick, *and* Julia.

This muſt be ſhe; I'l ſeize her.
Jul. Help me, *Rodorick*;
Rod. Unhand the Lady, Villain.
Man. *Rodorick*!
I'm glad we meet alone; now is the time
To end our difference.
Rod. I cannot ſtay.
Man. You muſt.
Rod. I will not:
Man. 'Tis baſe to injure any Man; but yet
'Tis far more baſe, once done not to defend it.
Rod. Is this an hour for valiant men to fight?
They love the Sun ſhould witneſs what they do;
Cowards have Courage when they ſee not death:
And fearful Hares, that ſculk in Forms all day,
Yet fight their feeble Quarrels by the Moon-light.
Man. No, Light and Darkneſs are but poor diſtinctions,
Of ſuch, whoſe courage comes by fits and ſtarts.
Rod. Thou urgeſt me above my patience:
This minute of my life was not my own,
But hers I love beyond it:
They draw, and Fight.
Jul. Help, help; none hear me!

Heav'n

Heav'n I think is deaf too:
O *Rodorick*! O Brother! ——

Enter Gonſalvo, *and* Hippolito.

Ful. Who e'r you are, if you have honour part 'um.——
[Manuel *ſtumbles and falls.*
Gonſ. Hold, Sir, you are too cruel; he that kills
At ſuch advantage fears to fight again. [*Holds* Rodorick.
Man. Cavalier, I may live to thank you for this favour.
[*Riſes.*
Rod. I will not quit you ſo.
Man. I'l breath, and then ——
Ful. Is there no way to ſave their lives?
Hip. Run out of ſight,
If 'tis concerning you they Quarrel.
[Julia *retires to a Corner.*
Hip. Help, help, as you are Cavaliers; the Lady
For whom you thus contend, is ſeiz'd by ſome
Night-robbing Villains.
All. Which way took they?
Hip. 'Twas ſo dark I could not ſee diſtinctly.
Rod. Let us divide; I this way. [*exit.*
Gonſ. Down yonder ſtreet Ile take.
Man. And I down that. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*
Hip. Now, Madam, may we not lay by our fear?
They are all gone.
Ful. 'Tis true, but we are here,
Expos'd to darkneſs without guide or aid,
But of our ſelves.
Hip. And of our ſelves afraid.
Ful. Theſe dangers while 'twas Light I could deſpiſe,
Then I was bold; but watch'd by many Eyes:
Ah! could not Heav'n for Lovers find a way,
That prying People ſtill might ſleep by day.

Enter

Enter Angellina.

Hip. Me-thinks I'm certain I diſcover ſome;
Ful. This was your ſpeaking of 'um made 'um come.
Hip. There is but one, perhaps he may go by.
Ang. Where had I courage for this bold diſguiſe,
Which more my Nature than my Sex belies?
Alas! I am betray'd to darkneſs here;
Darkneſs which Virtue hates, and Maids moſt fear:
Silence and Solitude dwell every where:
Dogs ceaſe to bark; the Waves more faintly roar,
And rowl themſelves aſleep upon the Shore:
No noiſe but what my Foot-ſteps make, and they
Sound dreadfully, and louder than by day:
They double too, and every ſtep I take
Sounds thick me-thinks, and more than one could make.
Ha! who are theſe?
I wiſh'd for Company, and now I fear.
Who are you gentle People that go there?
Ful. His voice is ſoft as is the upper Air,
Or dying Lovers words: O pity us.
Ang. O pity me! Take freely as your own
My Gold, my Jewels; ſpare my life alone.
Hip. Alas he fears as much as we.
Ful. What ſay you
Sir, VVill you joyn with us.
Amid. Yes Madam, but
If you would take my Sword, you'l uſe it better.
Hip. I, but you are a Man.
Amid. Why, ſo are you:
Hip. Truly my fear had made me quite forget it.

Enter Gonſalvo.

Conſ. *Hippolito*! How barbarous was I
To leave my Boy! *Hippolito*!
Hip. Here, here.

Now Madam fear not, you are ſafe.

Ful. What is become, Sir, of thoſe Gentlemen?

Gonſ. Madam, They all went ſeveral ways; not like
To meet.

Ful. What will become of me!

Gonſ. 'Tis late,
And I a ſtranger in the Town: yet all
Your dangers ſhall be mine.

Ful. You'r noble, Sir.

Gonſ. I'l pawn the hopes of all my Love, to ſee
You ſafe.

Ful. Who e'r your Miſtreſs be, ſhe has
My curſes if ſhe prove not kind.

Ang. And mine.

Hip. My Siſter will repent her when ſhe knows
For whom ſhe makes that wiſh; but I'l ſay nothing
Till day diſcovers it: a door opens, [*aſide.*
I hope it is ſome Inn.

(*A door, opens at which a ſervant appears.*

Ang. Friend, can you lodge us here?

Serv. Yes friend, we can:

Ful. How ſhall we be diſpos'd?

Serv. As Nature would;
The Gentleman and you: I have a rule,
That when a Man and Woman ask for Lodging,
They are ever Husband and Wife.

Ful. Rude and Unmanner'd:

Gonſ. Sir, this Lady muſt be lodged apart:

Serv. Then the two Boys that are good for nothing
But one another, they ſhall go together.

Ang. Lye with a Man? ſweet Heav'n defend me!

Hip. Alas, friend, I ever lye alone.

Ser. Then to ſave trouble, Sir, becauſe 'tis late
One of the Youths ſhall be diſpos'd with you.

Ang. Who I! not for the world.

Hip. Neither of us; for though I would not lodge with you
My ſelf, I never can indure he ſhould.

Ang. Why then, to end the difference, if you pleaſe

I and that Lady will be Bed-fellows;

Hip. No, ſhe and I will lodge together rather.

Serv. You are ſweet Youths indeed; not for the World
You would not lodge with Men! none but the Lady
Would ſerve your turn.

Ang. Alas I had forgot I am a Boy;
I am ſo lately one. (*aſide.*

Serv. Well, well; all ſhall be lodg'd apart.

Gonſ. to *Hip.* I did not think you harbour'd wanton thoughts:
So young, ſo bad!

Hip. I can make no defence
But muſt be ſham'd by my own innocence.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT II.

Enter Gonſalvo, Hippolito, Amideo, *at a diſtance.*

The SCENE *is a Chamber.*

Gonſ. HIppolito, What is this pretty Youth
That follows us?

Hip. I know not much of him
Handſome you ſee, and of a graceful faſhion;
Of Noble Blood, he ſays, and I believe him;
But in ſome diſtreſs; he'l tell no more,
And I could cry for that which he has told,
So much I pity him.

Gonſ. My pretty Youth;
Would I could do thee any ſervice.

Ang. Sir,
The greateſt you can do me, is accepting mine.

Hip. How's this? me-thinks already I begin
To hate this Boy, whom but ev'n now I moan'd.

You ſerve my Maſter? do you think I cannot
Perform all Duties of a Servant better
And with more care than you?

Ang. Better you may,
But never with more care:
Heav'n which is ſerv'd with Angels, yet admits
Poor man to pay his Duty, and receives it.

Hip. Mark but, my Lord, how ill behav'd a Youth,
How very ugly, what a Dwarf he is.

Ang. My Lord, I yet am young enough to grow,
And 'tis the commendation of a Boy
That he is little. [*cries.*

Gonſ. Prithee do not cry;
Hippolito, 'twas but juſt now you prais'd him,
And are you chang'd ſo ſoon?

Hip. On better view.

Gonſ. What is your Name, ſweet-heart?

Hip. Sweet-heart! ſince I
Have ſerv'd you, you ne'r call'd me ſo.

Ang. O, ever,
Ever call me by that kind name, I'l own
No other, becauſe I would ſtill have that.

Hip. He told me, Sir, his name was *Amideo*,
Pray call him by't.

Gonſ. Come, I'l employ you both;
Reach me my Belt, and help to put it on.

Amid. I run my Lord.

Hip. You run? it is my Office.

{*They both take it up, and ſtrive for it*, Hippolito *gets it, and puts it on.*

Amid. Look you, my Lord, he puts it on ſo awkardly; [*crying.*
The ſword does not ſit right.

Hip. Why, where's the fault?

Amid. I know not that; but I am ſure 'tis wrong.

Gonſ. The fault is plain, 'tis put on the wrong ſhoulder.

Hip. That cannot be, I look'd on *Amideo's*,
And hung it on that Shoulder his is on.

Amid. Then I doubt mine is ſo.

Gonſ. It

Gonſ. It is indeed:
You'r both good Boys, and both will learn in time:
Hippolito, go you and bring me word,
Whether that Lady we brought in laſt Night
Be willing to receive a Viſit from me.
Hip. Now *Amideo*, ſince you are ſo forward
To do all Service, you ſhall to the Lady.
Amid. No, I'l ſtay with my Maſter, he bid you.
Hip. It mads me to the heart to leave him here:
But I will be reveng'd. [*aſide.*
My Lord, I beg
You would not truſt this Boy with any thing
Till my return; pray know him better firſt. [*Exit* Hippolito.
Gonſ. 'Twas my unhappineſs to meet this Lady
Laſt night; becauſe it ruin'd my deſign
Of walking by the houſe of *Rodorick*:
Who knows but through ſome Window I had ſpy'd
Fair *Julia*'s ſhadow paſſing by the Glaſs;
Or if ſome others, I would think it hers;
Or if not any, yet to ſee the place
Where *Julia* lives: O Heav'n, how ſmall a bleſſing
Will ſerve to make deſpairing Lovers happy!
Amid. Unhappy *Angellina*, thou art loſt:
Thy Lord loves *Julia*. [*aſide.*

Enter Hippolito, *and* Julia.

Jul ——— Where is thy Maſter?
I long to give him my acknowledgements
For my own ſafety, and my Brothers both.
Ha! Is it he? [*looks.*
Gonſ. Can it be *Julia*?
Could Night ſo far diſguiſe her from my knowlydge!
Jul. I would not think thee him I ſee thou art:
Prithee diſown thy ſelf in pity to me:
Why ſhould I be oblig'd by one I hate?
Gonſ. I could ſay ſomething in my own defence;
But it were half a Crime to plead my cauſe

When

When you would have me Guilty.

Amid. How I fear
The ſweetneſs of thoſe words will move her pity:
I'm ſure they would do mine.

Gonſ. You took me for a Robber, but ſo far
I am from that.——————

Ful. O prithee be one ſtill,
That I may know ſome cauſe for my Averſion.

Gonſ. I freed you from them, and more gladly did it;——

Ful. Be what thou wilt, 'tis now too late to tell me:
The blackneſs of that Image I firſt fancy'd,
Has ſo infected me, I ſtill muſt hate thee.

Hip. Though (if ſhe loves him) all my hopes are ruin'd,
It makes me mad to ſee her thus unkind. (*aſide.*
Madam, what ſee you in this Gentleman,
Deſerves your ſcorn, or hatred; Love him, or
Expect juſt Heav'n ſhould ſtrangely puniſh you.

Gonſ. No more: what e'r ſhe does is beſt; and if
You would be mine, you muſt like me ſubmit
Without diſpute.

Hip. How can I love you, Sir, and ſuffer this?
She has forgot that which laſt night you did
In her defence.

Ful. O call that night again;
Pitch her with all her darkneſs round; then ſet me
In ſome farr Deſert, hemm'd with Mountain-Wolves
To howl about me: this I would indure,
And more, to Cancel my Obligements to him.

Gonſ. You owe me nothing, Madam, if you do,
I make it void; and only ask your leave
To love you ſtill; for to be lov'd again
I never hope.

Ful. If that will clear my debt, enjoy thy wiſh;
Love me, and long, and deſperately love me.
I hope thou wilt, that I may Plague thee more:
Mean time take from me that deteſted obj ct;
Conveigh thy much loath'd Perſon from my ſight.

Gonſ. Madam, you are obey'd.

Hippolito, and *Amideo*, wait
Upon fair *Julia*; look upon her for me
With dying eyes, but do not ſpeak one word
In my behalf; for to diſquiet her,
Ev'n happineſs it ſelf were bought too dear.
[*Goes farther off towards the end of the Stage.*
My paſſion ſwells too high:
And like a Veſſel ſtrugling in a Storm,
Requires more hands then one to Steer her upright;
I'l find her Brother out. [*Exit* Gonſalvo.
Jul. That Boy, I ſee he truſts above the other:
He has a ſtrange reſemblance with a Face
That I have ſeen, but when, or where, I know not.
I'l watch till they are parted; then perhaps
I may corrupt that little one to free me. [*aſide.* [*Exit* Julia.
Amid. Sweet *Hippolito*, let me ſpeak with you;
Hip. What would you with me?
Amid. Nay, you are ſo fierce;
By all that's good I love and honour you.
And would you do but one poor thing I'l ask you,
In all things elſe you ever ſhall command me.
Look you, *Hippolito*, here's Gold, and Jewels,
Theſe may be yours.
Hip. To what end doſt thou ſhow
Theſe trifles to me? or how cam'ſt thou by them?
Not honeſtly, I fear.
Amid. I ſwear I did:
And you ſhall have 'um; but you always preſs
Before me in my Maſters ſervice ſo: ——
Hip. And always will.
Amid. But dear *Hippolito*,
Why will you not give way, that I may be
Firſt in his favour, and be ſtill imploy'd?
Why do you frown? 'tis not for gain I ask it;
What ever he ſhall give me ſhall be yours,
Except it be ſome toy, you would not care for,
Which I ſhould keep for his dear ſake that gave it.
Hip. If thou wouldſt offer both the *Indies* to me,

The

The *Eastern* Quarries, and the *Western* Mines,
They should not buy one look, one gentle smile
Of his from me: assure thy soul they should not,
I hate thee so.

Amid. Henceforth I'l hate you worse.
But yet there is a Woman whom he loves,
A certain *Julia*, who will steal his heart
From both of us; we'l joyn at least against
The common Enemy:

Hip. Why does he fear my Lord should love a Woman?
The passion of this Boy is so like mine
That it amazes me.

Enter a Servant.

Piet. Young Gentleman,
Your Master calls for you.

Hip. I'l think upon't. ——

[*Exit* Hippolito, *cum* Pietro.

Enter Julia *to* Amideo.

Jul. Now is the time, he is alone.

Amid. Here comes
The Saint my Lord adores; Love, pardon me
The fault I must commit.

Jul. Fair Youth, I am
A Suitor to you.

Amid. So am I to you.

Jul. You see me here a Pris'ner.

Amid. My request
Is, I may set you free; make haste sweet Madam:
Which way would you go?

Jul. To the next
Religious House.

Amid. Here through the Garden, Madam;
How I commend your holy Resolution!

Exeunt ambo.

Enter

Enter Don Mannel *in the Streets, and a Servant with him.*

Man. *Angellina* fled to a Monaſtery ſay you?
Serv. So 'tis giv'n out: I could not ſee her Woman:
But for your Siſter, what you heard is true:
I ſaw her at the Inn:
They told me ſhe was brought in laſt night,
By a young Cavalier they ſhow'd me there.
Man. This muſt be he that reſcu'd me:
What would I give to ſee him.
Serv. Fortune is
Obedient to your wiſhes; He was coming
To find out you; I waited on him to
The turning of the Street; and ſtept before
To tell you of it.
Man. You o'r-joy me.
Serv. This, Sir, is he.

Enter Gonſalvo.

Don Manuel *is running to embrace him, and ſtops.*

Man. ——————The Captain of the Robbers!
Gonſ. As ſuch indeed you promis'd me your Siſter.
Man. I promis'd all the int'reſt I ſhould have,
Becauſe I thought before you came to claim it,
A Husbands right would take my Title from me.
Gonſ. I come to ſee if any Manly virtue
Can dwell with falſhood: Draw, thou'ſt injur'd me.
Man. You ſay already I have done you wrong,
And yet would have me right you by a greater.
Gonſ. Poor abject thing!
Man. Who doubts another's Courage
Wants it himſelf; but I who know my own,
Will not receive a Law from you to Fight,
Or to forbear: for then I grant your Courage

To master mine, when I am forc'd to do
What of my self I would not.
Gonſ. Your reaſon?
Man. You ſav'd my life.
Gonſ. I'l quit that debt to be
In a capacity of forcing you
To keep your promiſe with me; for I come
To learn, your Siſter is not yet diſpos'd.
Man. I've loſt all privilege to defend my life;
And if you take it now, 'tis no new Conqueſt;
Like Fiſh, firſt taken in a River, then
Beſtow'd in Ponds to catch a ſecond time.
Gonſ. Mark but how partially you plead your cauſe,
Pretending breach of honour if you fight;
Yet think it none to violate your word.
Man. I cannot give my Siſter to a Robber.
Gonſ. You ſhall not; I am none, but born of blood
As noble as your ſelf; my Fortunes, equal
At leaſt with yours; my Reputation, yet
I think unſtain'd.
Man. I wiſh, Sir, it may prove ſo;
I never had ſo ſtrong an inclination
To believe any Man as you: —— but yet. ——
Gonſ. All things ſhall be ſo clear, there ſhall be left
No room for any ſcruple: I was born
In *Sevil*, of the beſt Houſe in that City;
My name *Gonſalvo de Peralta*: being
A younger Brother, 'twas my Uncles care
To take me with him in a voyage to
The *Indies*, where ſince dying, he has left me
A fortune not contemptible; returning
From thence all my wealth in the Plate-fleet,
A furious ſtorm almoſt within the Port
Of *Sevil*, took us, ſcatter'd all the Navy:
My Ship, by the unruly Tempeſt born
Quite through the *Streights*, as far as *Barcellona*;
There firſt caſt Anchor; there I ſtept Aſhore:
Three days I ſtaid, in which ſmall time I made

A little Love, which vanish'd as it came.
Man. But were you not ingag'd to her you Courted?
Gonſ. Upon my honour, no; what might have been
I cannot tell: but e'r I could repair
My beaten ſhip, or take freſh water in,
One night, when there by chance I lay Aboard,
A Wind tore up my Anchor from the bottom,
And with that violence it brought me thither;
Has thrown me in this Port: ——
Man. But yet our meeting in the Wood was ſtrange,
Gonſ. For that I'l ſatisfie you as we walk.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. O Sir, how glad am I to find you —— [*whiſper.*
Man. That Boy I have ſeen ſome where, or one like him,
But where, I cannot call to mind: ——
Hip. I found it out, and got before u'm. ——
And here they are. ——

Enter Amideo, *and* Julia.

Man. My Siſter! as I could have wiſh'd it
Amid. O! we are caught?
Jul. I did expect as much:
Fortune has not forgot that I am *Julia*:
Man. Siſter, I'm glad you'r happily return'd;
'Twas kindly done of you thus to prevent
The trouble of my ſearch.
Jul. I would not have you
Miſtake my Love to *Roderick* ſo much,
To think I meant to fall into your hands.
My purpoſe is for the next Nunnery;
There I'l pray for you: ſo farewel.
Man. Stay, *Julia* you muſt go with me.
Jul. Lead, lead;
You think I am your Pris'ner now: ——
Gonſ. If you will needs to a Religious houſe,

Leave that fair Face behind; a worſe will ſerve
To ſpoil with Watching, and with Faſting there.
Man. Prithee no more of this; the only way
To make her happy is to force it on her.
Julia, prepare your ſelf ſtrait to be married.
Jul. To whom?
Man. You ſe your Bridegroom: and you know
My Fathers Will, who with his dying breath
Commanded you ſhould pay as ſtrict Obedience
To me, as formerly to him: if not,
Your Dowry is at my diſpoſe.
Jul. O would
The loſs of that diſpenſe with Duty in me,
How gladly would I ſuffer it! and yet
If I durſt queſtion it, me-thinks 'tis hard!
What right have Parents over Children, more
Than Birds have o'r their young; yet they impoſe
No rich Plum'd Miſtriſs on their Feather'd Sons;
But leave their Love, more open yet and free
Than all the fields of Air, their ſpacious Birth-right.
[*Gonſalvo ſeems to beg* Manuel *not to be harſh.*
Man. Nay, good *Gonſalvo* trouble not your ſelf,
There is no other way, when 'tis once done
She'l thank me for't.
Jul. I ne'r expected other uſage from you;
A kind Brother you have been to me,
And to my Siſter: you have ſent they ſay
To *Barcellona*, that my Aunt ſhould force her
To marry the old *Don* you brought her.
Hip. Who could! that once had ſeen *Gonſalvo*'s Face?
Alas ſhe little thinks I am ſo near! —— [*aſide.*
Man. Mind not what ſhe ſays; ——
A word with you. —— [*To* Gonſalvo.
Amid. *Don Manuel* eyes me ſtrangely; the beſt is
He never ſaw me yet but at a diſtance:
My Brothers jea'ouſie (who ne'r intended
I ſhould be his) reſtrain'd our near Converſe. [*aſide.*
Jul. My pretty Youth, I am inforc'd to truſt thee [*to* Amid.

With

With my most near concerns; Friend I have none,
If thou deny'st to help me.
Amid. Any thing
To break your Marriage with my Master.
Jul. Go to *Rodorick*, and tell him my condition:
But tell it as from thy self, not me.
Amid. That you are forc'd to Marry.
Jul. But do not ask him
To succour me; if of himself he will not:
I scorn a Love that must be taught its Duty.
Man. What Youth is that? I mean the little one?
Gonſ. I took him up last night.
Man. A sweet-fac'd Boy,
I like him strangely: would you part with him?
Amid. Alas, Sir, I am good for no body
But for my Master.
Hip. Sir, I'l do your Errand
Another time for letting *Julia* go. [*to* Amideo.
Man. Come, Sir;
Gonſ. I beg your pardon for a moment,
I'l but dispatch some business in my ship,
And wait you presently.
Man. We'l go before.
I'l make sure *Rodorick* shall never have her;
And 'tis at least some Pleasure to destroy
His happiness, who ruin'd first my Joy.
{ *Exeunt all but* Gonsalvo; *who before he goes, whispers* Hippolito.
Gonſ. Against her will fair *Julia* to possess,
Is not t'enjoy but Ravish happiness:
Yet Women pardon force, because they find
The violence of Love is still most kind:
Just like the Plots of well built Comedies,
Which then pleas most, when most they do surprize:
But yet constraint Love's noblest end destroys,
Whose highest Joy is in another's Joys:
Where Passion rules, how weak does Reason prove!
I yield my Cause, but cannot yield my Love. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

The SCENE *a great Room in* Don Manuels *House.*

Hippolito *solus.*

MY Master bid me speak for him to *Julia:*
Hard fate that I am made a confident
Against my self; ——————
Yet though unwillingly I took the Office,
I would perform it well: but how can I
Prove lucky to his Love, who to my own
Am so unfortunate! He trusts his passion
Like him that ventures all his Stock at once
On an unlucky hand:

Enter Amideo.

Amid. Where is the Lady *Julia?*
Hip. What new Treason
Against my Masters Love have you contriv'd
With her?
Amid. I shall not render you account.

Enter Julia.

Jul. I sent for him; yet if he comes there's danger;
Yet if he does not, I for ever lose him.
What can I wish? and yet I wish him here!
Only to take the care of me from me.
Weary with fitting out a losing hand,
'Twill be some ease to see another play it:
Yesterday I refus'd to Marry him,
To day I run into his Arms unask'd;

Like

Like a mild Prince incroach'd upon by Rebels,
Love yielded much, till Honour ask'd for all. [*Sees* Hippolito.
How now, where's *Rodorick*? (ſees *Amideo*)—I mean *Gonſalvo*?

Hip. You would do well to meet him! ——

Amid. Meet him! you ſhall not do't: I'l throw my ſelf
Like a young fawning Spaniel in your way
So often, you ſhall never move a ſtep
But you ſhall tread on me.

Jul. You need not beg me:
I would as ſoon meet a Siren, as ſee him.

Hip. *His ſweetneſs for thoſe frowns no ſubject finds:*
Seas are the Field of Combat for the Winds:
But when they ſweep along ſome flowry Coaſt,
Their wings move mildly, and their Rage is loſt.

Jul. *'Tis that which makes me more unfortunate:*
Becauſe his ſweetneſs muſt upbraid my hate.
The wounds of Fortune touch me not ſo near;
I can my Fate, but not his Virtue bear.
For my diſdain with my eſteem is rais'd;
He moſt is hated when he moſt is prais'd:
Such an eſteem, as like a Storm appears,
Which riſes but to Ship-wrack what it bears.

Hip. *Infection dwells upon my kindneſs ſure,*
Since it deſtroys ev'n thoſe whom it would cure.
[*Cries, and Exit* Hippolito.

Amid. Still weep *Hippolito*; to me thy Tears
Are ſoveraign, as thoſe drops the Balm-tree ſweats. ——
——But, Madam, are you ſure you ſhould not love him!
I ſtill fear. ——

Jul. Thy fear will never let thee be a Man.

Amid. Indeed I think it won't.

Jul. We are now
Alone; What news from *Rodorick*?

Amid. Madam, he begs you not to fear; he has
A way, which when you think all deſperate
Will ſet you free.

Jul. If not, I will not live
A moment after it.

Amid. Why

Amid. Why! there's some comfort.

Ful. I strongly wish, for what I faintly hope:
Like the Day-dreams of melancholy Men,
I think, and think on things impossible,
Yet love to wander in that Golden maze.

Enter Don Manuel, Hippolito, *and Company.*

Amid. Madam, your Brother's here.

Man. Where is the Bridegroom?

Hip. Not yet return'd, Sir, from the ship.

Man. Sister, all this good Company is met
To give you Joy.

Ful. While I am compass'd round
With mirth, my soul lies hid in shades of Grief,
Whence, like the Bird of night, with half shut Eyes
She peeps, and sickens at the sight of day. [*aside.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, some Gentlemen, and Ladies are without,
Who to do honour to this VVedding come
To present a Masque.

Man. 'Tis well; desire 'um
They would leave out the words, and fall to dancing;
The Poetry of the Foot takes most of late.

Serv. The Poet, Sir, will take that very ill,
He's at the Door, with th' Argument o'th' Masque
In Verse.

Man. VVhich of the VVits is it that made it?

Serv. None of the VVits, Sir; 'tis one of the Poets.

Man. What Subject has he chose.

Serv. The Rape of *Proserpine.*

Enter Gonsalvo.

Man. VVelcome, welcome you have been long expected.

Gons. I staid to see th' unlading of some Rarities

VVhich

VVhich are within: ——
Madam, your pardon that I was so long absent.
Ful. You need not ask it for your absence, Sir.
Gonf. Still cruel, *Julia*: ——
Ful. The danger's here, and *Roderick* not here:
I am not griev'd to die; but I am griev'd
To think him false. [*aside.*
Man. Bid 'um begin.

The Musique plays.

A *Cupid* descends in swift Motion, and speaks these Verses.

Cup. *Thy Conquests* Proserpine, *have stretch'd too far;*
Amidst Heav'ns peace thy Beauty makes a war:
For when, last night, I to Joves *Pallace went,*
(The brightest part of all the Firmament)
Instead of all those Gods, whose thick resort
Fill'd up the presence of the Thund'rers Court;
There Jove *and* Juno *all forsaken sate,*
Pensive, like Kings in their declining State:
Yet (wanting Pow'r) they would preserve the show,
By hearing Pray'rs from some few men below:
Mortals to Jove *may their Devotions pay;*
The Gods themselves to Proserpine *do pray.*
To Sicily *the Rival pow'rs resort;*
'Tis Heav'n where ever Ceres *keeps her Court.*
Phœbus *and* Mercury *are both at strife,*
The Courtliest of our Gods who want a Wife:
But Venus, *what e'r kindness she pretends,*
Yet, (like all Females, envious of their Friends,)
Has, by my Aid, contriv'd a black design,
The God of Hell should Ravish Proserpine:
Beauties, beware; Venus *will never bear*
Another Venus *shining in her Sphere.*

After *Cupids* speech, *Venus* and *Ceres* descend in the slow Machines, *Ceres* drawn by Dragons, *Venus* by Swans.

After them *Phœbus* and *Mercury* descend in swift Motion. Then *Cupid* turns to *Julia* and speaks;

Cup. *The Rival Deities are come to wooe*
A Proserpine, *who must be found below:*
Would you (fair Nymph) become this happy hour,
In name a Goddess as you are in pow'r,
Then to this change the King of Shades will owe
A fairer Proserpine *than Heav'n can show.*

Julia, *first whisper'd by* Amideo, *goes into the Dance, perform'd by* Cupid, Phœbus, Mercury, Ceres, Venus, Julia.

Towards the end of the Dance, *Rodorick* in the Habit of *Pluto*, rises from below in a black Chariot all flaming, and drawn by black Horses; he ravishes *Julia*, who personated *Proserpine*, and as he is Carrying her away, his Vizard falls off. *Hippolito* first discovers him.

Hip. A Rape, A Rape; 'tis *Rodorick*, 'tis *Rodorick*.
Rod. Then I must have Recourse to this: —— [*Draws.*
Ful. Oh Heavens.
{ Don Manuel *and* Gonsalvo *draw, and a Servant; the two that Acted* Phœbus *and* Mercury *return to assist* Rodorick, *and are beat back by* Manuel *and a Servant, while* Gonsalvo *attacques* Rodorick.
Gons. Unloose thy hold, foul Villain;
Rod No, I'l grasp her
Ev'n after death.
Ful. Spare him, or I'l die with him:
Gons. Must Ravishers and Villains live, while I
In vain implore her Mercy? ——
[*Thrusts at him, and hurts* Julia *in the Arm.*
Ful. Oh, I am Murther'd!
Gons. Wretched that I am

What

What have I done? To what ſtrange puniſhment
Will you condemn this guilty hand? and yet
My Eyes were guilty firſt: for they could look
On nothing elſe but you; and my unlucky hand
Too cloſely follow'd them! ——

Enter Manuel *again.*

Man. The Pow'rs above are juſt that thou ſtill liv'ſt
For me to kill.
Rod. You'l find no eaſie task on't
Alone; come both together, I defie you:
Curſe on this diſguiſe, that has betray'd me
Thus cheaply to my death. ——
Man. Under a Devils ſhape thou couldſt not be
Diſguis'd. ——
Jul. Then muſt he die?
Yet I'l not bid my *Rodorick* farewel;
For they take leave, who mean to be long abſent.
Conſ. Hold Sir; I have had Blood enough already,
And muſt not murder *Julia* again
In him ſhe loves: Live, Sir, and thank this Lady.
Rod. Take my Life, and ſpare my Thanks.
Man. Though you
Forgive him, let me take my juſt Revenge.
Conſ. Leave that diſtinction to our dull Divines;
That ill I ſuffer to be done, I do.
Hip. My heart bleeds Tears for him; to ſee his Virtue
O'rcome ſo fatally againſt ſuch odds
Of Fortune and of Love! ——
Man. Permit his death, and *Julia* will be yours:
Jul. Permit it not, and *Julia* will thank you.
Conſ. Who e'r could think that one kind word from *Julia*
Should be preferr'd to *Julia* her ſelf!
Could any Man think it a greater good
To ſave a Rival, than poſſeſs a Miſtreſs:
Yet this I do; theſe are thy riddles Love.
What Fortune gives me I my ſelf deſtroy;

And feed my Virtue, but to ſtarve my Joy.
Honour ſits on me like ſome heavy Armour,
And with its ſtiff defence incumbers me:
And yet when I would put it off it ſticks
Like *Hercules* his Shirt; heats me at once,
And poyſons me! ——

Man. I find my ſelf grow calm by thy example;
My panting heart heaves leſs and leſs each Pulſe;
And all the boyling Spirits ſcatter from it.
Since thou deſir'ſt he ſhould not die, he ſhall not
Till I on Nobler terms can take his life.

Rod. The next turn may be yours: remember *Julia*
I ow'd this danger to your wilfulneſs;
Once you might eaſily have been mine, and would not.
[*Exit* Rodorick.

Man. Lead out my Siſter, Friend, her hurts ſo ſmall
'Twill ſcarce diſturb the Ceremony:
Ladies once more your pardons.
[*Leads out the Company*, Exeunt.
{ *Manent* Julia, Gonſalvo, Amideo: Gonſalvo
{ *offers his hand*, Julia *puls back hers.*

Jul. This hand would riſe in Bliſters ſhould'ſt thou touch it:
My *Rodorick*'s diſpleas'd with me, and thou
Unlucky Man the cauſe; dare not ſo much
As once to follow me. ——
[*Exit* Julia.

Gonſ. Not follow her! alas ſhe need not bid me!
O how could I preſume to take that hand
To which mine prov'd ſo fatal!
Nay, if I might, ſhould I not fear to touch it?
A Murd'rers touch would make it bleed afreſh.

Amid. I think, Sir, I could kill her for your ſake.

Gonſ. Repent that word, or I ſhall hate thee ſtrangely:
Harſh words from her, like blows from angry Kings,
Though they are meant Affronts, are conſtrued Favours.

Hip. Her Inclinations and Averſions
Are both alike unjuſt; and both, I hope,
Too violent to laſt, cheat up your ſelf;
For if I live (I hope I ſhall not long). [*aſide.*

She

She ſhall be yours.

Amid. 'Twere much more Noble in him
To make a Conqueſt of himſelf than her.
She ne'r can merit him, and hadſt not thou
A mean low ſoul, thou wouldſt not name her to him.

Hip. Poor child, who wouldſt be Wiſe above thy years,
Why doſt thou talk like a Philoſopher,
Of conquering Love, who art not yet grown up
To try the force of any Manly paſſion?
The ſweetneſs of thy Mothers milk is yet
Within thy Veins, not ſowr'd and turn'd by Love.

Gonſ. Thou haſt not Field enough in thy young Breaſt,
To entertain ſuch ſtorms to ſtruggle in.

Amid. Young as I am, I know the pow'r of Love;
Its leſs Diſquiets, and its greater Cares,
And all that's in it, but the Happineſs.
Truſt a Boys word, Sir, if you pleaſe, and take
My Innocence for Wiſdome; Leave this Lady;
Ceaſe to perſwade your ſelf you are in Love,
And you will ſoon be freed: not that I wiſh
A thing ſo noble as your Paſſion, loſt
To all the Sex; beſtow it on ſome other;
You'l find many as Fair, though none ſo Cruel.
Would I could be a Lady for your ſake.

Hip. If I could be a Woman with a wiſh,
You ſhould not be without a Rival long.

Amid. A Cedar of your Stature would not cauſe
Much jealouſie.

Hip. More than a Shrub of yours.

Gonſ. How eagerly theſe Boys fall out for nothing!
Tell me *Hippolito*, wert thou a Woman,
Who would'ſt thou be?

Hip. I would be *Julia*, Sir,
Becauſe you Love her.

Amid. I would not be ſhe,
Becauſe ſhe Loves not you.

Hip. True, *Amideo*:
And therefore I would wiſh my ſelf a Lady,

Who

Who I am ſure does infinitely love him.

Amid. I hope that Lady has a Name? ——

Hip. She has;
And ſhe is call'd *Honoria*, Siſter to
This *Julia*, and bred up at *Barcellona*.
Who loves him with a flame ſo pure and ſo noble,
That did ſhe know his Love to *Julia*,
She would beg *Julia* to make him happy.

Conſ. This ſtartles me!

Amid. Oh Sir, believe him not;
They Love not truly, who on any terms
Can part with what they love.

Conſ. I ſaw a Lady
At *Barcellona* of what name I know not,
Who next to *Julia* was the faireſt Creature
My Eyes did e'r behold: but how cam'ſt thou
To know her?

Hip. Sir, ſome other time I'll tell you.

Amid. It could not be *Honoria* whom you ſaw.
For, Sir, ſhe has a Face ſo very ugly,
That if ſhe were a Saint for Holineſs,
Yet no Man would ſeek Virtue there.

Hip. This is the lying'ſt Boy, Sir, I am ſure
He never ſaw *Honoria*; for her Face
'Tis not ſo bad to fright any Man;
None of the Wits have Libell'd it.

Amid. *Don Rodoricks* Siſter, *Angellina*, does
So far exceed her in the Ornaments
Of Wit and Beauty, though now hid from ſight,
That like the Sun (ev'n while Eclips'd) ſhe caſts
A yellowneſs upon all other faces.

Hip. I'l not ſay much of her; but only this,
Don Manuel ſaw not with my Eyes, if e'r
He lov'd that *Flanders* ſhape, that lump of Earth
And Flegm together.

Amid. You have often ſeen her
It ſeems by your deſcription of her Perſon:
But I'l maintain on any *Spaniſh* ground,

What

VVhat e'r ſhe be, yet ſhe is far more worthy
To have my Lord her Servant, than *Honoria*.
Hip. And I'l maintain *Honoria*'s right againſt her
In any part of all the world.
Gonſ. You go
Too far, to quarrel on ſo ſlight a ground.
Hip. O pardon me, my Lord, it is not ſlight:
I muſt confeſs I am ſo much concern'd
I ſhall not bear it long.
Amid. Nor I, aſſure you.
Gonſ. I will believe what both of you have ſaid,
That *Honoria* and *Angellina*
Both equally are fair.
Amid. VVhy did you name
Honoria firſt?
Gonſ. And ſince you take their parts ſo eagerly,
Henceforth I'l call you by thoſe Ladies names:
You, my *Hippolito*, ſhall be *Honoria*;
And you my *Amideo*, *Angellina*.
Amid. Then all my Services, I wiſh may make
You kind to *Angellina*, for my ſake.
Hip. Put all my Merits on *Honoria*'s ſcore,
And think no Maid could ever love you more.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Manuel, Solus.

THus I provide for others Happineſs,
And loſe my own: 'Tis true, I cannot blame
Thy hatred, *Angellina*, but thy ſilence.
Thy Brother's hatred made thine juſt; but yet
'Twas cruel in thee not to tell me ſo.

Conqueſt

Conqueſt is noble when an Heart ſtands out;
But mine which yielded, how could'ſt thou betray?
That heart of which thou could'ſt not be depriv'd,
By any force of pow'r beſide thine own;
Like Empires to that fatal height arriv'd,
They muſt be ruin'd by themſelves alone.
My guarded Freedom cannot be a prize
To any ſcornful Face a ſecond time.
For thy Idea like a Ghoſt would riſe,
And fright my Thoughts from ſuch another Crime.

Enter a Servant *with a Letter.*

Man. From whom?
2 *Serv.* Sir, the Contents will ſoon reſolve you.
[*He reads.*
Man. Tell *Rodorick* he has prevented me
In my Deſign of ſending to him firſt.
I'l meet him ſingle at the time and place;
But for my Friend tell him he muſt excuſe me:
I'l hazard no Man in my Quarrel, but [*Exit* Meſs.
My ſelf alone: —— Who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Go call my Siſter and *Gonſalvo* hither. [*Exit* Servant.
'Twas puſh'd ſo far, that like two Armies, we
Were drawn ſo cloſely up we could not part
Without ingagement: —— But they muſt not know it.

Enter Julia, Gonſalvo, Amideo.

I have ſome buſineſs calls me hence, and know not
When I ſhall return: But e'r I go,
That pow'r I have by my dead Fathers will
Over my Siſter I bequeath to you: (*To* Gonſalvo.
She and her Fortunes both be firmly yours;
And this when I revoke, let Cowardiſe

Blaſt

Blaſt all my youth, and Treaſon taint my Age.

Gonſ. Sir, ——

Man. Nay, good, no thanks, I cannot ſtay. ——

[*Exit* Manuel.

Gonſ. There's ſomething more than ordinary in this:
Go *Amideo*, quickly follow him,
And bring me word which way he takes.

Amid. I go Sir. [*Exit* Amideo.

[Julia *kneels.*

Gonſ. Madam, *When you implore the Pow'rs Divine,*
You have no Pray'rs in which I will not joyn,
Though made againſt my ſelf. [kneels with her.

Jul. —— —— —— *In vain I ſue,*
Unleſs my vows may be conveigh'd by you.

Gonſ. *Conveigh'd by me!* —— *My ill ſucceſs in Love*
Shews me too ſure I have few friends above.
How can you fear your juſt deſires to want?
When the Gods pray, they both requeſt and grant.

Jul. *Heav'n has reſign'd my Fortune to your hand*
If you, like Heav'n, th' afflicted underſtand.

Gonſ. *The language of th' afflicted is not new,*
Too well I learnt it when I firſt ſaw you.

Jul. *In ſpight of me, you now command my Fate;*
And yet the vanquiſh'd ſeeks the Victors hate:
Ev'n in this low ſubmiſſion, I declare,
That had I Pow'r, I would renew the War.
I'm forc'd to ſtoop, and 'twere too great a blow
To bend my Pride, and to deny me too.

Gonſ. *You have my heart; diſpoſe it to your will;*
If not, you know the way to uſe it ill.

Jul. *Cruel to me, though kind to your deſert,*
My Brother gives my Perſon, not my heart:
And I have left no other means to ſue,
But to you only to be freed from you.

Gonſ. *From ſuch a Sute how can you hope ſucceſs,*
Which giv'n, deſtroys the givers happineſs?

Jul. *You think it equal you ſhould not reſign*
That pow'r you have; yet will not leave me mine:

Yet on my will I have the pow'r alone,
And since you cannot move it, move your own.
Your Worth and Virtue my esteem may win,
But Womens passions from themselves begin;
Merit may be, but Force still is in vain.

Gonſ. *I would but love you, not your Love conſtrain;*
And though your Brother left me to command,
He plac'd his Thunder in a gentle hand.

Jul. *Your Favour from conſtraint has ſet me free*
But that ſecures not my Felicity;
Slaves, who, before, did cruel Maſters ſerve,
May flye to Deſerts, and in Freedom ſtarve.
The nobleſt part of Liberty they looſe,
Who can but ſhun, and want the Pow'r to chooſe.

Gonſ. *O whither would your fatal Reaſons move!*
You Court my Kindneſs to deſtroy my Love.

Jul. *You have the Pow'r to make my happineſs,*
By giving that which you can ne'r poſſeſs:

Gonſ. *Give you to* Rodorick? *there wanted yet*
That Curſe to make my Miſeries compleat.

Jul. *Departing Miſers bear a Nobler mind;*
They, when they can enjoy no more, are kind:
You, when your Love is dying in deſpair,
Yet want the Charity to make an Heir.

Gonſ. *Though hope be dying, yet it is not dead;*
And dying people with ſmall food are fed.

Jul. *The greateſt kindneſs dying friends can have,*
Is to diſpatch them when we cannot ſave.

Gonſ. *Thoſe dying people, could they ſpeak at all;*
That pity of their Friends would Murder call.
For Men with Horrour diſſolution meet;
The Minutes, ev'n of painful life are ſweet.

Jul. *But I'm by Pow'rful inclination led;*
And Streams turn ſeldom to their Fountain head.

Gonſ. *No, 'tis a Tide which carries you away;*
And Tides may turn though they can never ſtay.

Jul. *Can you pretend to Love, and ſee my Grief*
Caus'd by your ſelf, yet give me no relief?

Gonſ. *Where'r*

Gonſ. *Where's my Reward?*
Jul. *The honour of the Flame.*
Gonſ. *I looſe the ſubſtance then, to gain the Name,*
Jul. *I do too much a Miſtriſs pow'r betray;*
Muſt ſlaves be won by Courtſhip to obey?
Thy diſobedience does to Treaſon riſe,
Which thou, like Rebels, wouldſt with Love diſguiſe.
I'l kill my ſelf, and if thou canſt deny
To ſee me happy, thou ſhalt ſee me die.
Gonſ. *O ſtay! I can with leſs Regret bequeath*
My love to Rodorick, *than you to death:*
And yet ——
Jul. *What new objections can you find?*
Gonſ. *But are you ſure you never ſhall be kind?*
Jul. *Never.*
Gonſ. *What never!*
Jul. *Never to remove.*
Gonſ. *Oh fatal Never to Souls damn'd in Love!*
Jul. *Lead me to* Rodorick.
Gonſ. *If it muſt be ſo!*
Jul. *Here, take my Hand, ſwear on it thou wilt go.* { He kiſſes her
Gonſ. *Oh balmy ſweetneſs! but 'tis loſt to me,* { Hand.
Like Food upon a Wretch condemn'd to dye:
Another, and I vow to go: —— *one more;*
If I ſwear often I ſhall be forſwore.
Others againſt their wills may haſte their Fate;
I only toil to be unfortunate:
More my own Foe than all my Stars could prove;
They give her Perſon, but I give her Love.
I muſt not truſt my ſelf. —— —— *Hippolito.*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. My Lord!
Gonſ. Quickly go find *Don Rodorick* out:
Tell him the Lady *Julia* will be walking
On the broad Rock that lies beſide the Port,
And there expects to ſee him inſtantly.

In the mean time I,l call for *Amideo.*

Jul. You'l keep your promiſe to *Don Rodorick.*

Gonſ. Madam, *Since you bring death I welcome it;*
But to his Fortune not his Love ſubmit. —— [Exit Gonſalvo.

Hip. *I dare not ask what I too fain would hear:*
But, like a tender Mother, hope and fear;
My equal Twins, my equal care I make; (*aſide.*
And keep Hope quiet leſt that Fear ſhould wake. (*Exit* Hippolito.

Jul. So, now I'm firmly at my own diſpoſe;
And all the Lets, my Virtue caus'd, remov'd:
Now *Roderick* I come. ——

Enter Gonſalvo *again.*

Gonſ. Madam, My Boy's not yet return'd.

Jul. No matter, we'l not ſtay for him.

Gonſ. Pray make not too much haſte.

(*Exeunt* Julia, Gonſalvo.

Scene II.

Enter Don Rodorick, *and* Servant.

Rod. HAve you beſpoke a Veſſel as I bid you?

1 *Serv.* I have done better; for I have employ'd
Some, whom I know this day to ſeize a ſhip;
Which they have done; clapping the Men within her
All under Hatches, with ſuch ſpeed and ſilence,
That though ſhe rides at Anchor in the Port
Among the reſt, the Change is not diſcover'd.

Rod. Let my beſt Goods and Jewels be embarqued
With ſecrecy: we'l put to ſea this night.
Have you yet found my Siſter, or her Woman?

Serv. Neither Sir; but in all probability
She is with *Manuel.*

Rod. Would God the meaneſt Man in *Alicante*
Had *Angellina* rather than *Don Manuel.*

I never can forgive, much leſs forget
How he (the younger ſoldier) was preferr'd
To that Command of Horſe which was my due;
Serv. And after that, by force diſſeiz'd you of
Your Quarters. ——
Rod. Should I meet him ſev'n years hence
At th' Altar, I would kill him there: —— I had
Forgot to tell you the deſigne we had;
To carry *Julia* by force away
Will now be needleſs; ſhe'l come to the Rock
To ſee me, you unſeen ſhall ſtand behind,
And carry her into the Veſſel.
Serv. Shall I not help you to diſpatch *Don Manuel*?
Rod. I neither doubt my Valour, nor my Fortune:
But if I die, revenge me: preſently
About your buſineſs; I muſt to the Rock
For fear I come too late.

Exeunt *ſeverally*.

SCENE III.

Through a Rock is diſcover'd a Navy of ſhips riding at a diſtance.

Enter Amideo.

Amid. THus far unſeen by *Manuel*, I have trac'd him:
He can be gone no farther than the Walk
Behind the Rock; I'l back and tell my Maſter.

Enter Hippolito *at the other end.*

Hip. This is the place where *Rodorick* muſt expect
His *Julia*: — How! *Amideo* here!
Amid. Hippolito!
Hip. This were ſo fit a time
For my Revenge; had I the Courage, now:
My heart ſwells at him, and my breath grows ſhort,

Exe-

But whether Fear or Anger choaks it up,
I cannot tell.
Amid. He looks ſo Ghaſtfully,
Would I were paſt him; yet I fear to try it,
Becauſe my mind miſ-gives me he will ſtop me.
B' your leave *Hippolito.*
Hip. Whither ſo faſt?
Amid. You'l not preſume to hinder my Lords buſineſs?
He ſhall know it.
Hip. I'l make you ſure, before,
For telling any Tales: do you remember
Since you defended *Angellina's* Beauty
Againſt *Honoria's*; nay, and would maintain it.
Amid. And ſo I will do ſtill; (I muſt feign courage [*aſide.*
There is no other way.)
Hip. I'l ſo revenge
That injury, (if my heart fails me not.)
Amid. Come, confeſs truly, for I know it fails you.
What would you give to avoid fighting now?
Hip. No, 'tis your heart that fails.
Amid. I ſcorn the danger;
Yet, what compaſſion on your Youth might do
I cannot tell; and therefore do not work
Upon my pity; for I feel already
My ſtout heart melts.
Hip. Oh! are you thereabouts?
Now I am ſure you fear; and you ſhall fight.
Amid. I will not Fight.
Hip. Confeſs then *Angellina*
Is not ſo fair as is *Honoria.*
Amid. I do confeſs; now are you ſatisfied?
Hip. There's more behind; confeſs her not ſo worthy
To be belov'd; not to poſſeſs *Gonſalvo*
As fair *Honoria* is.
Amid. That's ſomewhat hard:
Hip. But you muſt do't or die.
Amid. Well, life is ſweet;
She's not ſo worthy: now let me be gone.

Hip. No,

Hip. No, never to my Master; Swear to quit
His service, and no more to see his Face.
Amid. I fain would save my life, but that which you
Propose, is but another Name to die.
I cannot live without my Masters sight.
Hip. Then you must fight with me for him.
Amid. I would
Do any thing with you, but fighting for him.
Hip. Nothing but that will serve.
Amid. Lay by your Swords
And I'l scratch with you for him.
Hip. That's not Manly.
Amid. Well, since it be so, I'l Fight: —— Unbutton.
[Hippolito *unbuttons slowly.*
How many Buttons has he? I'l be one
Behind him still. [*aside.*
[*Unbuttons one by one after him.*
Hippolito *makes more haste.*
You are so Prodigal; if you lov'd my Master
You would not tear his Doublet so: —— How's this!
Two swelling Breasts! a Woman, and my Rival!
The Stings of jealousie have giv'n me courage
Which Nature never gave me:
Come on thou vile dissembler of thy Sex;
Expect no mercy; either thou or I
Must die upon this spot: Now for *Gonsalvo.* ----
Sa. —— Sa. ——
Hip. This courage is not counterfeit; Ah me!
What shall I do? for pity, gentle Boy. ——
Amid. No pity; such a Cause as ours
Can neither give nor take it: If thou yield'st
I will not spare thee; therefore fight it out.
[*Tears open his Doublet.*
Hip. Death to my Hopes! a Woman! and so rare
A Beauty that my Lord must needs doat on her.
I should my self if I had been a Man:
But as I am, her Eyes shoot death at me.
Amid. Come, have you said your Pray'rs?

Hip. For

Hip. For thy Confusion
Thou Ravenous Harpy, with an Angel's face,
Thou art discover'd, thou too charming Rival;
I'l be reveng'd upon those fatal Eyes.
Amid. I'l tear out thine.
Hip. I'l bite out hungry Morsels
From those plump Cheeks but I will make 'um thinner.
Amid. I'd beat thee to the blackness of a Moor,
But that the Features of thy Face are such;
Such Damnable, invincible good Features,
That as an *Ethiop* thou wouldst still be lov'd.
Hip. I'l quite unbend that black Bow o'r thine Eyes;
I'l Murther thee; and *Julia* shall have him.
Rather than thou.
Amid. I'l kill both thee and her
Rather than any one but I shall have him.
Hip. Come on, thou Witch.
Amid. Have at thy heart thou Syren.

They draw and fight awkardly, not coming near one another.

Amid. I think I paid you there.
Hip. O stay a little
And tell me in what corner of thy heart
Gonsalvo lies, that I may spare that place:
Amid. He lies in the last drop of all my blood,
And never will come out but with my soul.
Hip. Come, come, we dally;
Would one of us were dead, no matter which.

They fight nearer.

Enter Don Manuel.

Man. The pretty Boys that serv'd *Gonsalvo*, fighting!
I come in time to save the life of one.

Hippolito *gets* Amideo *down in closing:* Manuel *takes away the swords.*

Hip. For goodness sake hinder not my Revenge.
Amid. The Noble *Manuel* has sav'd my life:

Heav'ns,

Heav'ns, how unjuſtly have I hated him! (*aſide.*

Man. What is it, gentle Youths that moves you thus?
I cannot tell what Cauſes you may find;
But truſt me, all the World in ſo much ſweetneſs,
Would be to ſeek where to begin a Quarrel:
You ſeem the little *Cupid*'s in the ſong,
Contending for the Honey-bag.

Hip. 'Tis well
You'r come; you may prevent a greater miſchief:
Here 'tis *Gonſalvo* has appointed *Rodorick.* ——

Man. To Fight?

Hip. What's worſe; to give your Siſter to him.
Won by her Tears, he means to leave her free,
And to redeem her miſery with his:
At leaſt I ſo conjecture.

Man. 'Tis a doubtful
Problem; either he loves her violently,
Or not at all.

Amid. You have betray'd my Maſter: --- (*To* Hippolito, *aſide.*

Hip. If I have injur'd you, I mean to give you
The ſatisfaction of a Gentlewoman. ——

Enter Gonſalvo, *and* Julia.

Man. Oh they are here; now I ſhall be reſolv'd.

Jul. My Brother *Manuel*! what Forune's this!

Man. I'm glad I have prevented you.

Gonſ. VVith what
Variety my Fate torments me ſtill!
Never was Man ſo dragg'd along by Virtue;
But I muſt follow her.

Jul. Noble *Gonſalvo*,
Protect me from my Brother.

Gonſ. Tell me, Sir,
VVhen you beſtow'd your Siſter on me, did not
You give her freely up to my diſpoſe?

Man. 'Tis true, I did; but never with intent
You ſhould reſtore her to my Enemy.

Gonſ. 'Tis paſt; 'tis done: ſhe undermin'd my ſoul

With Tears; as Banks are sapp'd away by streams.
Man. I wonder what strange Blessing she expects
From the harsh Nature of this *Rodorick*,
A Man made up of Malice and Revenge.
Ful. If I possess him I may be unhappy;
But if I loose him I am surely so.
Had you a friend so desperately sick,
That all Physitians had forsook his Cure;
All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,
The moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature
Lick'd up, and in a Feaver fry'd away;
Could you behold him beg, with dying Eyes
A glass of Water; and refuse it him
Because you knew it ill for his disease?
When he would die without it how could you
Deny to make his death more easie to him?
Man. Talk not to me of Love, when Honour suffers;
The Boys will Hiss at me.
Gonf. I suffer most:
Had there been choice, what would I not have chose?
To save my Honour, I my Love must lose:
But promises once made are past debate,
And Truth's of more necessity than Fate.
Man. I scarce can think your promise absolute;
There might some way be thought on, if you would,
To keep both her, and it.
Gonf. No, no, my promise was no trick of State:
I meant to be made truly wretched first,
And then to die; and I'l perform them both.
Man. Then that Revenge I meant on *Rodorick*
I'l take on you. [*Draws.*]
Gonf. ——— I draw with much Regret
As Merchants throw their Wealth into the sea,
To save their sinking vessels from a Wrack.
Man. I find I cannot lift my hand against thee:
Do what thou wilt; but let not me behold it,
[*Goes off a little way.*
I'l cut this Gordian knot I cannot loose:

To

To keep his promiſe, *Rodorick* ſhall have her,
But I'l return and reſcue her by force;
Then giving back what he ſo Frankly gave,
At once my Honour and his Love I'll ſave. [*Exit* Manuel.

Enter Rodorick.

Rod. How! *Julia* brought by him? —— Who ſent for me?
Gonſ. 'Twas I.
Rod. I know your buſineſs then; 'tis Fighting.
Gonſ. You'r miſtaken; 'tis ſomething that I fear:
Rod. What is't?
Gonſ. Why, —— 'twill not out: Here take her
And deſerve her; but no thanks;
For fear I ſhould conſider what I give,
And call it back. ——
Jul. O my dear *Rodorick*!
Gonſ. O cruel *Julia*!
For pity ſhew not all your joy before me;
Stifle ſome part of it one Minute longer
Till I am dead.
Jul. My *Rodirick* ſhall know
He ows his *Julia* to you; thank him, Love;
In faith I take it ill you are ſo ſlow.
Rod. You know he has forbid me; and beſide
He'l take it better from your mouth than mine;
All that you do muſt needs be pleaſing to him:
Jul. Still ſullen and unkind!
Rod. Why then in ſhort,
I do not underſtand the benefit:
Gonſ. Not, to have *Julia* in thy free Poſſeſſion?
Rod. Not brought by you; not of anothers leaving:
Jul. Speak ſoftly *Rodorick*: let not theſe hear thee;
But ſpare my ſhame for the ill choice I made
In loving thee.
Rod. I will ſpeak loud, and tell thee,
Thou com'ſt, all cloy'd and tir'd with his embraces,
To profer thy pall'd Love to me: his kiſſes
Do yet bedew thy Lips; the very Print

His Arms made round thy Body, yet remains.

Gonſ. O Barb'rous jealouſie!

Ful. Tis an harſh word,
I am too Pure for thee; but yet I love thee:

(*Offers to take his hand.*

Rod. Away, foul impudence.

Gonſ. Madam, you wrong
Your Virtue thus to clear it by ſubmiſſion.

Ful. Whence grows this boldneſs, Sir? did I ask you
To be my Champion?

Rod. He choſe to be your Friend, and not your Husband:
Left that dull part of Dignity to me;
As often the worſt Actors play the Kings.

Ful. This jealouſie is but exceſs of Paſſion,
Which grows up, Wild, in every Lovers breaſt;
But changes Kind when planted in an Husband.

Rod. Well, what I am, I am; and what I will be,
When you are mine, my Pleaſure ſhall determine.
I will receive no Law from any Man.

Ful. This ſtrange unkindneſs of my *Rodorick*,
I owe to thee, and thy unlucky Love;
Henceforth go lock it up within thy Breaſt;
'Tis only harmleſs while it is conceal'd,
But opened ſpreads Infection like a Vault.
Go, and my Curſe go with thee: ——

Gonſ. I cannot go till I behold you happy: ——
—— Here, *Rodorick*, receive her on thy Knees;
Uſe her with that reſpect which thou would'ſt pay
Thy Guardian Angel if he could be ſeen.
—— Do not provoke my anger by refuſing. ——
I'l watch thy leaſt offence to her; each Word,
Nay, every ſullen Look: ——
And as the Devils who are damn'd to Torments,
Yet have the guilty ſouls their ſlaves to puniſh:
So under me, while I am wretched, thou
Shalt be tormented. ——

Rod. Would'ſt thou make me the Tenant of thy Luſt,
To Toyl, and for my Labour take the Dreggs,

The

The Juicy Vintage being left for thee?
No; she's an infamous, lewd Prostitute;
I loath her at my soul;
Gonſ. I can forbear
No longer; swallow down thy lie, foul villain.
[*They fight, off the Stage,* Exeunt.

Ful. Help, Help!
Amid. Here is that Witch whose fatal Beauty
Began the mischief; she shall pay for all.
[*Goes to kill* Julia.

Hip. I hate her for it more than thou canst do;
But cannot see her die my Master loves.
[*Goes between with her sword.*

Enter Gonsalvo, *following* Rodorick; *who falls.*

Rod. So, now I am at rest: ——
I feel death rising higher still, and higher,
Within my Bosom; every Breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass:
And like the vanishing sound of Bells grows less
And less each Pulse, till it be lost in Air. [*Swoons away.*
Gonſ. Down at your Feet, much injur'd innocence,
I lay that sword, which ——
Ful. Take it up again,
It has not done its work till I am kill'd:
For ever, ever, thou hast robb'd me of
That Man, that only Man whom I could Love:
Dost thou thus Court thy Mistriss? thus oblige her?
All thy Obligements have been fatal yet,
Yet the most fatal now would most oblige me.
Kill me: — yet I am kill'd before in him.
I lie there on the ground; cold, cold, and pale:
That death I dye in *Rodorick* is far
More pleasant than that life I live in *Julia.* ——
— See how he stands —— when he is bid dispatch me!
How dull! how spiritless! that sloath possest
Thee not, when thou didst kill my *Rodorick.*
Gonſ. I'm too unlucky to converse with Men:

I'l

I'l pack together all my Miſchiefs up,
Gather with care each little remnant of 'um
That none of 'um be left behind: thus loaded,
Fly to ſome Deſart, and there let them looſe,
Where they may never prey upon Mankind.
But you may make my journey ſhorter: — take
This ſword; 'twill ſhow you how: —

Ful. I'l gladly ſet you on your way: [*Takes his ſword.*

Enter three of Rodoricks *Servants.*

1. Make haſte; he's now unarm'd; we may with eaſe
Revenge my Maſters death.

Ful. Now theſe ſhall do it.

Gonſ. I'l die by none but you. —

Hip. O here, take my ſword, Sir.

Amid. He ſhall have mine.

[*Both give their ſwords to* Gonſalvo,

Enter Manuel.

Man. Think not of death,
We'l live and conquer. [*They beat them off.*

Man. Theſe fellows, though beat off, will ſtrait return
With more; we muſt make haſte to ſave our ſelves.

Hip. 'Tis far to th' Town,
And e'r you reach it you will be diſcover'd.

Gonſ. My life's a burden to me, were not *Julia*'s
Concern'd; but as it is, ſhe being preſent
Will be found acceſſary to his death.

Man. See where a Veſſel lies, not far from Shore;
And near at hand a Boat belonging to her;
Let's haſte Aboard, and what with Pray'rs and Gifts
Buy our Concealment there: — Come *Julia.*

Gonſ. Alas, ſhe ſwoons away upon the Body.

Man. The Night grows on apace; we'l take her in
Our Arms and bear her hence.

{*Exeunt* Gonſalvo, *and the Boys with*
{ Manuel, *carrying* Julia.

The Servants *enter again.*

1. They are all gone, we may return with ſafety:
Help me to bear the body to the Town.
2. He ſtirs, and breaths a little; there may be
Some hope.
3. The Town's far off, and th' Evening cold,
Let's carry him to th' ſhip.
1. Haſte then away:
Things once reſolv'd are ruin'd by delay. *Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter a Pyrat, *and the* Captain.

The SCENE *lying in a Carrack.*

Pyr. WElcome a Ship-board, *Captain*, you ſtaid long:
Capt. No longer than was neceſſary for ſhifting Trades;
To change me from a *Robber* to a *Pyrat.*
Pyr. There's a fair change wrought in you ſince yeſterday
Morning; then you talk't of nothing but Repentance, and
Amendment of life.
Capt. 'Faith I have conſider'd better on't:
For converſing a whole day together with honeſt men,
I found 'um all ſo poor and beggarly, that a civil
Perſon would be aſham'd to be ſeen with 'um.
But you come from *Don Rodorick*'s Cabin; what
Hopes have you of his life?
Pyr. No danger of it, only loſs of Blood
Had made him faint away; he call'd for you:
Capt. Well, are his Jewels and his Plate brought in?
Pyr. They are; when hoyſt we Sails?
Capt. At the firſt break
Of day: When we are got out clear, we'l ſeize
On *Rod'rick* and his Men: they are not many,

But

But fear may make 'um desp'rate.

Pyr. We may take 'um,
When they are laid to sleep.

Cap. 'Tis well advis'd.

Pyr. I forgot to tell you, Sir, that a little before *Don Rod'rick*
Was brought in, a company of Gentlemen (pursu'd
It seems by Justice) procur'd our Boat to Row 'um
Hither: Two of 'um carried a very fair Lady betwixt 'um,
Who was either dead, or swooned.

Capt. We'l sell 'um altogether to the Turk,
(At least I'l tell him so.) *(aside.*

Pyr. Pray, Sir, let us reserve the Lady to our own uses;
It were a shame to good Catholiques to give her up
To Infidels.

Capt. *Don Rod'rick's* door opens, I'l speak to him.

The Scene *draws and discovers the* Captains *Cabin;*
Rodorick *on a Bed, and two* Servants *by him.*

Capt. How is it with the brave *Don Rodorick?*
Do you want any thing?

Rod. I have too much
Of that I would not, Love;
And what I would have, that I want, Revenge.
I must be set ashore.

Capt. That you may, Sir;
But our own safety must be thought on first.

(One enters and whispers the Captain.

Capt. I come: -- Sennor, think you are Lord here, and command
All freely. *(Exit* Captain *and* Pyrat.

Rod. He does well to bid me think so: I am of opinion
We are fallen into Huckesters hands.

1 *Serv.* Indeed he talk'd suspiciously enough;
He half denied to Land us.

Rod. These, *Pedro*,
Are your confiding men. ---

2. *Serv.* I think 'um still so.

Rod. Would I were from 'um.

2. 'Tis impossible
T' attempt it now; you have not strength enough
To walk. *Rod.* That

Rod. That venture muſt be mine; we'r loſt
If we ſtay here to morrow.

2. I hope better.

1. One whom I ſaw among 'um, to my knowledge
Is a notorious Robber.

2. He look'd ſo like a Gentleman, I could not know him then.

Rod. What became of *Julia* when I fell?

2. We left her weeping over you, till we
Were beaten off; but ſhe, and thoſe with her
Were gone when we return'd.

Rod. Too late I find
I wrong'd her in my thoughts; I'm every way
A wretched Man: ——
Something we muſt reſolve on e'r we ſleep;
Draw in the Bed, I feel the cold. [*Bed drawn in,* Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Gonſalvo, Manuel, Hippolito, Amideo.

Hip. NAy, 'tis too true; for peeping through a Chink,
I ſaw *Don Roderick* lying on a Bed,
Not dead, as we ſuppos'd, but only hurt;
So waited on as ſpoke him Maſter here.

Man. Was there ever ſo fatal an adventure?
To flie into that very ſhip for refuge
Where th' only Perſon we would ſhun, commands!
This miſchief is ſo ſtrange it could not happen,
But was the Plot and Juggle of our Fate
To free it ſelf, and caſt the blame on us.

Gonſ. This is not yet our Fortun's utmoſt malice;
The Gall remains behind: this ſhip was that
Which yeſter-day was mine; I can ſee nothing
Round me, but what's familiar to my Eyes,
Only the Perſons new; which makes me think
'Twas ſeiz'd upon by *Roderick*, to revenge
Himſelf on me.

Man. 'Tis wonderful indeed.

Amid. The only comfort is, we are not known,
For when we enter'd it was dark.

Hip. That comfort
Is of as ſhort continuance as the night,
The day will ſoon diſcover us.
Man. Some way muſt be invented to get out.
Hip. Fair *Julia*, ſadly pining by her ſelf,
Sits on her Bed; Tears falling from her Eyes
As ſilently as Dews in dead of night.
All we conſult of muſt be kept from her:
That moment that ſhe knows of *Roderick's* life
Dooms us to certain death.
Man. 'Tis well conſider'd.
Gonſ For my part, were not you and ſhe concern'd,
I look on my life, like an Eſtate
So charg'd with debts, it is not worth the keeping.
We cannot long be undiſcover'd by them;
Let us then ruſh upon them on the ſuddain,
(All hope of ſafety plac'd in our deſpair)
And gain quick victory, or ſpeedy death.
Man. Conſider firſt th' impoſſibility
Of the attempt; four Men, and two poor Boys
(Which added to our number make us weaker)
Againſt ten Villains, more reſolv'd for death
Than any ten among our Holieſt Prieſts.
Stay but a little longer, till they all
Diſperſe to reſt within their ſeveral Cabins,
Then more ſecurely we may ſet upon them,
And kill them half before the reſt can wake:
By this means too, the Boys are uſeful for us;
For they can cut the Throats of ſleeping men.
Hip. Now have I the greateſt temptation in the world to reveal
Thou art a Woman. [*To* Amideo.
Amid. If 'twere not for thy Beauty, my Maſter ſhould know
What a Man he keeps. [*To her.*
Hip. Why ſhould we have recourſe to deſp'rate ways,
When ſafer may be thought on?
Tis like giving the extream Unction
In the beginning of a ſickneſs:
Can you imagine to find all aſleep?
The wicked Joy of having ſuch a Booty

In

In their poſſeſſion, will keep ſome awake:
And ſome, no doubt, will watch with wounded *Rodrick*.
Amid. What would your wiſdome now propoſe?
Hip. To ſay
That ſome of us are Sea-ſick; (your Complexion
Will make th' excuſe for us who are leſs fair:)
So by good words and promiſes procure
We may be ſet aſhore, e'r morning come.
Amid. O the deep Reaſons of the grave *Hippolito*!
As if 'twere likely in ſo calm a ſeaſon
We ſhould be ſick ſo ſoon; or if we were,
Whom ſhould we chooſe among us to go tell it?
For who e'r ventures out muſt needs be known;
Or if none knew us, can you think that Pyrats
Will let us go upon ſuch eaſie terms
As promiſing Rewards? — Let me adviſe you.
Hip. Now we expect an Oracle.
Amid. Here are Bundles
Of Canvas and of Cloath you ſee lie by us,
In which one of us ſhall ſow up the reſt,
Only ſome breathing place for Air, and Food;
Then call the Pyrats in, and tell them, we
For fear had drown'd our ſelves: and when we come
To the next Port, find means to bring us out.
Hip. Pithily ſpoken!
As if you were to bind up Marble Statues,
Which only bore the ſhapes of Men without,
And had no need of ever eaſing Nature.
Conſ. There's but one way left, that's this:
You know the Rope by which the Cock-boat's ty'd,
Goes down by th' Stern, and now we are at Anchor,
There fits no Pilot to diſcover us;
My Counſel is, to go down by the Ladder,
And being once there, unlooſe, and row to Shore.
Man. This, without doubt, were beſt; but there lies ever
Some one or more within the Boat to watch it.
Conſ. I'l ſlide down firſt, and run the venture of it;
You ſhall come after me, if there be need,
To give me ſuccour.

Man. 'Tis the only way.

Gonſ. Go in to *Julia* then, and firſt prepare her
With knowledge of the Pyrats, and the danger
Her Honour's in among ſuch barb'rous people.

Man. Leave it to me.

Amid. Hippolito and *Julia*,
My Rivals like two pointed Rocks appear;
And I through both muſt to *Gonſalvo* ſteer. [*Aſide.*

[Exeunt *all but* Hippolito.

Hip. As from ſome ſteep and dreadful Precipice,
The frighted Travellor caſts down his Eyes,
And ſees the Ocean at ſo great a diſtance,
It looks as if the Skies were ſunk below him;
Yet if ſome Neighb'ring ſhrub (how weak ſoe'r)
Peeps up, his willing Eyes ſtop gladly there,
And ſeem to eaſe themſelves, and reſt upon it:
So in my deſp'rate ſtate each little comfort
Preſerves me from deſpair; *Gonſalvo* ſtrove not
With greater care to give away his *Julia*,
Than I have done to part with my *Gonſalvo*,
Yet neither brought to paſs our hateful wiſh:
Then we may meet, ſince different ways we move,
Chaſing each other in the Maze of Love. [*Exit* Hippolito.

SCENE III.

Enter Don Rodorick *carried by two* Servants.

1 *Serv.* IT was the only way that could be thought on,
To get down by the Ladder to the Boat.

2. You may thank me for that invention.

Rod. What a noiſe is here! when the leaſt breath's
As dang'rous as a Tempeſt.

2. If any of thoſe Rogues ſhould hear him talk,
In what a caſe were we?

Rod. O patience, patience!
This Aſs brays out for ſilence.

Enter

Enter at the other end, Manuel, *leading* Julia, Gonsalvo, Hippolito, Amideo.

Gonſ. Hark! what noiſe is that? go ſoftly.

They meet on the middle of the Stage.

Rod. Who's here! I am betray'd; and nothing grieves me
But I want ſtrength to die with honour.

Ful. Rod'rick!
Is it thy voice my Love? ſpeak and reſolve me
Whether thou liv'ſt, or I am dead with thee?

Man. Kill him, and force your way.

Rod. Is *Manuel* there?
Hold up my Arm that I may make one thruſt
At him before I dy.

Gonſ. Since we muſt fall,
We'l ſell our Lives as dearly as we can.

1. *Serv.* And we'l defend our Maſter to the laſt. [*Fight.*

Enter Pyrats, *without their* Captain.

1 *Pyr.* What's the meaning of this Uproar? Quarelling
Amongſt your ſelves at Midnight?

2 *Pyr.* We are come in a fit time to decide the difference.

Man. Hold Gentlemen, we'r equally concern'd, { *To* Rodorick's *Servants.*
We for our own, you for your Maſters ſafety;
If we joyn forces we may then reſiſt 'um,
If not, both ſides are ruin'd.

1 *Serv.* We agree;

Gonſ. Come o'r on our ſide then. [*They joyn.*

1 *Pyr.* A miſchief on our Captains drowſineſs;
We'r loſt for want of him. (*They fight.*

Gonſ. Dear Madam, get behind, while you are ſafe (*To* Julia.
We cannot be o'rcome.

(*They drive off the* Pyrats, *and follow them off.*
Rodorick *remains on the ground.*

Rod. I had much rather my own life were loſt
Than *Manuel*'s were preſerv'd.

Enter the Pyrat's *retreating before* Gonſalvo, *&c.*

1 *Pyr.* All's loſt; they fight like Devils, and our Captain
Yet ſleeping in his Bed.

2. Here lies *Don Rodorick*;
If we muſt die, we'l not leave him behind. (*Goes to kill him.*

Ful. O spare my *Rodarick's* life, and in exchange
Take mine; I put my self within your Pow'r,
To Save or Kill.
1 *Pyr.* So, here's another Pawn
For all our safeties.
Man. Heav'n! What has she done?
Gonſ. Let go the Lady, or expect no mercy:
The leaſt drop of her blood is worth all yours
And mine together.
1 *Pyr.* I am glad you think ſo:
Either deliver up your ſword, or mine
Shall pierce her heart this moment.
Gonſ. Here, here, take it.
Man. You are not mad to give away all hopes
Of ſafety and defence, from us, from her,
And from your ſelf at once!
Gonſ. When ſhe is dead
What is there worth defending?
Man. Will you truſt
A Pyrat's promiſe ſooner than your Valour?
Gonſ. Any thing rather than ſee her in danger.
1 *Pyr.* Nay, if you diſpute the matter!
[*holds his ſword to her Breaſt.*
Gonſ. I yield, I yield; Reaſon to Love muſt bow:
Love, that gives Courage, can make Cowards too.
[*gives his ſword.*
Ful. O ſtrange effect of a moſt generous Paſſion!
Rod. His Enemies themſelves muſt needs admire it.
Man. Nay, if *Gonſalvo* makes a faſhion of it,
'Twill be valour to die tamely. [*gives his*
Hip. I am for dying too with my dear Maſter.
Amid. My life will go as eas'ly as a Flies,
The leaſt Fillip does it in this Fright.
1 *Pyr.* One call our Captain up: tell him he deſerves little of the Booty.
Ful. It has ſo much prevail'd upon my ſoul,
I ever muſt acknowledge it. [*to* Gonſalvo.
Rod. *Fulia* has reaſon, if ſhe love him; yet
I find I cannot bear it. (*aſide.*
Gonſ. Say

Gonſ. Say but you love me; I am more than paid.
Jul. You ask that only thing I cannot give;
Were I not *Rodricks* firſt, I ſhould be yours;
My violent Love for him, I know is faulty,
Yet Paſſion never can be plac'd ſo ill,
But that to change it is the greater Crime:
Inconſtancy is ſuch a Guilt, as makes
That very Love ſuſpected which it brings;
It brings a Gift, but 'tis of ill-got Wealth,
The ſpoils of ſome forſaken Lovers heart:
Love alter'd once, like Blood let out before,
Will loſe its Virtue, and can cure no more.
Gonſ. In thoſe few Minutes which I have to live
To be call'd yours is all I can enjoy;
Rodorick receives no prejudice by that;
I would but make ſome ſmall acquaintance here,
For fear I never ſhould enquire you out
In that new World which we are going to.
Amid. Then I can hold no longer;—you deſire
In death to be call'd Hers; and all I wiſh
Is dying to be yours.
Hip. You'l not diſcover? *Aſide.*
Amid. See here the moſt unfortunate of Women,
That *Angellina* whom you all thought loſt;
And loſt ſhe was indeed; when ſhe beheld
Gonſalvo firſt.
All! How *Angellina!*
Rod. Ha!
My Siſter?
Amid. I thought to have fled Love in flying *Munuel*,
But Love purſu'd me in *Gonſalvo*'s ſhape;
For him I ventur'd all that Maids hold dear,
Th' opinion of my Modeſty, and Virtue,
My loſs of Fortune, and my Brothers Love.
For him I have expos'd my ſelf to dangers,
Which, (great themſelves, yet) greater would appear,
If you could ſee them through a Womans fear:
But why do I my Right by dangers prove?
The greateſt argument for Love, is Love:
That paſſion, *Julia*, while he lives, denies,

He-

He should refuse to give her when he dies:
Yet grant he did his life to her bequeath,
May I not claim my share of him in death?
I only beg when all the Glory's gone,
The heatless Beams of a departing Sun.

Gonſ. Never was Paſſion hid ſo modeſtly,
So generouſly reveal'd.

Man. We're now a chain of Lovers link'd in death;
Julia goes firſt, *Gonſalvo* hangs on her,
And *Angellina* holds upon *Gonſalvo*,
As I on *Angellina*.

Hip. Nay, here's *Honoria* too:
You look on me with wonder in your Eyes,
To ſee me here, and in this ſtrange diſguiſe.

Ful. What new Miracle is this? *Honoria!*

Man. I left you with my Aunt at *Barcellona*
And thought e'r this you had been married to
The old rich Man, *Don Eſtevan de Gama*:

Hip. I ever had a ſtrange averſion for him;
But when *Gonſalvo* landed there, and made
A kind of Courtſhip, (though it ſeems in jeſt)
It ſerv'd to conquer me, which *Eſtevan*
Perceiving, preſt my Aunt to haſte the Marriage.
What ſhould I do? my Aunt importun'd me
For the next day: *Gonſalvo*, though I lov'd him,
Knew not my Love; nor was I ſure his Courtſhip
Was not th'effect of a bare Gallantry.

Gonſ. Alas! how griev'd I am, that ſlight addreſs
Should make ſo deep impreſſions on your Mind
In three days time.

Hip. That accident in which
You ſav'd my life, when firſt you ſaw me, caus'd it.
Though now the ſtory be too long to tell;
Howe'r it was, hearing that night you lay
Aboard your ſhip, thus as you ſee diſguis'd,
In Cloaths belonging to my youngeſt Nephew,
I roſe e'r day, reſolv'd to find you out,
And, if I could, procure to wait on you
Without diſcovery of my ſelf; but Fortune
Croſt all my hopes.

Gonſ. It

Gonſ. It was that diſmal Night
Which tore my Anchor up, and toſt my Ship
Paſt hope of ſafety, many days together,
Until at length it threw me on this Port.
Hip. I will not tell you what my ſorrows were
To find you gone; but there was now no help.
Go back again I durſt not; But, in fine,
Thought beſt, as faſt as my weak legs would bear me
To come to *Alicant*, and find my Siſter,
Unknowe to any elſe: But being near
The City, I was ſeiz'd upon by Thieves,
From whom you reſcu'd me; the reſt you know.
Gonſ. I know too much indeed for my repoſe.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Do you know me?
Gonſ. Now I look better on thee,
Thou ſeem'ſt a greater villain than I thought thee.
Ful. 'Tis he.
Hip. That bloody wretch who robb'd us in the woods.
Gonſ. Slave.! Dar'ſt thou lift thy hand againſt me?
Dar'ſt thou touch any one whom he protects;
Who gave thee life? but I accuſe my ſelf,
Not thee: The death of all theſe guiltleſs perſons
Became my Crime that Minute when I ſpar'd thee.
Capt. It is not all your threats can alter me
From what I have reſolv'd.
Gonſ. Begin then firſt
With me.
Capt. I will, by laying here my ſword. } *Lays his ſword at*
All. What means this ſudden change? } Gonſalvo's *feet.*
Capt. 'Tis neither new, nor ſuddain: from that time
You gave me life, I watch'd how to repay it;
And *Rod'rick's* ſervant gave me ſpeedy means
T'effect my wiſh: For telling me, his Maſter
Meant a Revenge on you, and on *Don Manuel*,
And then to ſeize on *Julia*, and depart:
I proffer'd him my aid to ſeize a Veſſel;
And having by enquiry found out yours,

Acquainted first the Captain with my purpose,
To make a seeming Mast'ry of the Ship.
Man. How durst he take your word?
Capt. That I secur'd
By letting him give notice to the Ships
That lay about: This done, knowing the place
You were to Fight on was behind the Rock;
Not far from thence, I, and some chosen Men
Lay out of sight, that if foul play were offer'd,
We might prevent it.
But came not in; because when there was need,
Don Manuel, who was nearer, stept before me.
Gonf. Then the Boat which seem'd
To lye by chance, Hulling not far from shore,
Was plac'd by your direction there?
Capt. It was.
Gonf. You'r truly Noble; and I owe much more
Than my own life and fortunes to your worth.
Capt. 'Tis time I should restore their liberty
To such of yours as yet are seeming Pris'ners.
I'le wait on you again. [*Exit* Captain.
Rod. My Enemies are happy, and the storm
Prepar'd for them, must break upon my head.
Gonf. So far am I from happiness, Heav'n knows
My griefs are doubled: ——
I stand ingag'd in hopeless Love to *Julia*;
In Gratitude to these:
Here I have giv'n my heart, and here I owe it.
Hip. Dear Master, trouble not your self for me;
I ever made your happiness my own;
Let *Julia* witness with what Faith I serv'd you,
When you employ'd me in your Love to her.
I gave your Noble heart away, as if
It had been some light Gallant's, little worth:
Not that I lov'd you less than *Angellina*,
But my Self, less than You.
Gonf. Wonder of Honour,
Of which my Own was but a fainter shadow,
When I gave *Julia*, whom I could not keep.

You

You fed a Fire within, with too rich Fuel,
In giving it your heart to prey upon;
The ſweeteſt Off'ring that was ever burnt
Since laſt the *Phœnix* dy'd.

Hip. If *Angellina* knew, like me, the pride
Of Noble minds, which is to give, not take;
Like me ſhe would be ſatisfy'd, her Heart
Was well beſtow'd, and ask for no return.

Amid. Pray let my Heart alone; you'l uſe it as
The Gipſies do our Money;
If they once touch it, they have pow'r upon't.

Enter the Servant, *who appear'd in the firſt Act with* Gonſalvo.

Serv. O my dear Lord, *Gonſalvo de Peralta!*

Rod. De Peralta, ſaid you? you amaze me!

Gonſ. Why, do you know that Family in *Sevil?*

Rod. I am my ſelf the elder Brother of it.

Gonſ. Don Rod'rick de Peralta!

Rod. I was ſo,
Until my Mother dy'd, whoſe Name *de Sylva*
I choſe, (our Cuſtom not forbidding it)
Three years ago, when I return'd from *Flanders*:
I came here to poſſeſs a fair Eſtate
Left by an Aunt; her Siſter, for whoſe ſake,
I take that Name, and lik'd the place ſo well,
That never ſince I have return'd to *Sevil.*

Gonſ. 'Twas then that change of Name which caus'd my Letters
All to miſcarry: What an happy Tempeſt
Was this, which would not let me reſt at *Sevil*,
But blew me farther on to ſee you here.

Amid. Brother, I come to claim a Siſters ſhare;
But you'r too near me, to be nearer now.

Gonſ. In my room let me beg you to receive
Don Manuel.

Amid. I take it half unkindly,
You give me from your Self ſo ſoon; *Don Manuel*
I know is worthy, and but yeſter-day
Preſerv'd my life; but it will take ſome time
To change my Heart:

Man. I'll watch it patiently, as *Chymists* do
Their golden birth; and when 'tis chang'd, receive it
With greater care than they the rich Elyxir,
Just passing from one Vial to another.

Rod. *Julia* is still my Brother's, though I loose her.

Gonſ. You shall not loose her; *Julia* was born
For none but you;
And I for none but my *Honoria*:
Julia is yours by Inclination;
And I by Conqueſt am *Honoria's*.

Hon. 'Tis the most glorious one that e'r was made:
And I no longer will dispute my happineſs.

Rod. *Julia*, you know my peeviſh jealouſies;
I cannot promiſe you a better Husband
Than you have had a Servant.

Jul. I receive you
With all your Faults.

Rod. And think, when I am froward,
My ſullen Humour puniſhes it ſelf;
I'm like a day in *March*, ſometimes o'r-caſt
With ſtorms, but then the after Clearneſs is
The greater: The worſt is, where I Love moſt,
The Tempeſt falls moſt heavy.

Jul. Ah. Ah! What a little time to Love is lent,
Yet half that time is in unkindeſs ſpent.

Rod. That you may ſee ſome hope of my amendment,
I give my Friendſhip to *Don Manuel*, e'r
My Brother asks, or he himſelf deſires it.

Man. I'll ever cheriſh it.

Gonſ. Since for my ſake you become Friends, my care
Shall be to keep you ſo: You, Captain, ſhall
Command this Carrack, and with her my Fortunes:
You, my *Honoria*, though you have an Heart
Which *Julia* left, yet think it not the worſe;
'Tis not worn out, but poliſh'd by the wearing.
Your merit ſhall her Beauties pow'r remove;
Beauty but gains, Obligement keeps our Love.

Exeunt.

FINIS.